

Class PR 3991

Book A.I.53



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INEZ DE CASTRO:

AN

HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

THE BROKEN VOW;

A TALE

OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HAMBURG:

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1840

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SHOULD the Critic's hand accidentally light upon this little volume, let him lay it down again. It is strictly intended for the perusal of friends. To prevent the possibility of its becoming more public, but *fifty* copies have been printed.

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The Broken Vow;

A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.



To —————

O H, listen to my song!

Thou who, in by-gone days,
The Winter's evening long
Hast lent a patient ear, and deign'd to praise!

Ah me! those times are past;

The dear delusion's o'er;
Too sweet it was to last:
The charm that bound the listener is no more!

Condemn'd am I to roam,

From every friend aloof;
Thou, in thy native home,
Securely dwell'st beneath a father's roof!

My passion still I feed,

Though but repaid with scorn;
O misery indeed!
In exile — doubly bitter to be borne!

I know what thou would'st say —

I know my adverse fate;

Yet, cannot cast away

My love for *thee* — such counsel is too late!

No! — thou dost form a part

Of me and of my mind:

A mirror is my heart,

Where thine all beauteous image is enshrined!

The vows, which thou did'st swear,

Are fresh in memory;

They rise for ever there:

Thy last they were — thy farewell words to me!

My doom is seal'd, I know —

'Tis useless to regret:

I bend before the blow —

But cannot, *one* I so have loved, forget!

November, 1838.

The Broken Vow.

THE lord of many a Scottish rood
Was Mora, and his castle stood
Imbosom'd in the Southern plain,
With full view of the Highland chain.

From long and weary pilgrimage,
Alone, without or steed or page,
At nightfall came a stranger there:
The growth of years, his raven hair,
O'er his athletic shoulders fell:
The sandal and the scollop-shell,
Show'd one return'd from Palestine,
A pilgrim from the Holy Shrine!
He scarcely seem'd past manhood's prime,
Though darken'd by an Eastern clime:
Tall in his stature and erect —
The eye and brow of intellect —
And though robust, his manly face
Bespoke him come of gentle race, —

And which still more his manners told ;
One courteous, but unused to hold
Fraternity with aught below
Him : and 'tis this doth greatness show !
Choice in its friends is lineage high ;
Though some would read it in the eye,
And see the highborn spirit glow
Through every outward sign of woe.
Howe'er this be, the stranger's mien
Though strongly mark'd, was yet serene ;
His bearing, free from taint of pride ;
Calm, graceful, mild and dignified !

Upon his foreign dress, amazed
At first, the thronging menials gazed ;
The modest stranger, nothing awed,
Claim'd instant conduct to their lord :
,,Tell Mora's earl, a pilgrim, late
,,From farthest Ind, bears news of weight,
,,Which much concerns his private ear, —
,,Which he, and *he* alone may hear !“

In gothic chamber, (whence the eye
Might travel to infinity,

And feast itself on mountains, vales,
And waters studded o'er with sails
Which, ever in their motions there,
The likeness of the cygnet wear;)
Were seated three; the aged earl,
A comely youth and one fair girl —
And she did watch with eagerness
The issue of a game at chess:
So wholly wrapt up all the three
Were in that game, they could not see
The pensive pilgrim standing nigh,
Regarding them with curious eye.
The youth first started up and cried:
.The game is lost!“ „But not my bride!“
The vaulted roof responsive rung —
And, at that voice, they all upsprung!
.A stranger! pilgrim! what art thou?
.Thy mission and thy name avow?
Courteous yet firm the stranger spoke:
.„My deeds are just — I wear no cloak!
.„If Mora's earl would more inquire
.„Of one he knows not, to retire
.„Methinks were wise, since none may hear
.„The tale I whisper in his ear!“

The hour of midnight long had past;
Alone, the earl appear'd at last:
When morning's star wax'd weak and wan,
The man of mystery was gone;
Nor had he tasted food nor rest,
The usual cravings of the guest.
Whate'er the tidings which he bore,
More lone and thoughtful than before
Earl Mora's aspect daily seems;
Resembling rather one who dreams;
Whole days and weeks he would confer
On tomes of Eastern character:
The breaking day, the rising sun,
He welcomed not, but seem'd to shun:
Of all, the only living thing
For whom his presence did not bring
One joyful, animating spark —
To him it was for ever dark!
As if, between, some shadow lay,
Him and the brightness of the day!
Alas! what sun can warmth impart,
To thaw the ice about the heart?
Dispel the phantoms of the mind,
Or cheer the soul to pleasure blind?

To evil conscience rapture yield, —
Faults baring, it would have conceal'd?

To all around reserved and grave,
With none he held communion, save
With her, his daughter, and that youth ;
And seem'd at periods pleased, in sooth,
With their unfeign'd solicitude
To wean him from his darksome mood.

Along the turrets old and grey,
Still varying, light and shadow play ;
And now the moon is overcast,
And now the envious cloud has past,
And once again she bursts to light,
Her charms unveiling to the night !
With gazing on her loveliness,
Methinks, the very stars grow less !

Why do the lovelorn, still, o moon !
Prefer thee to the clearest noon,
And hopeless wander through the night
In thy soft, melancholy light ?

Art thou, indeed, bright rolling sphere !
A haven for the shipwreck'd here ?
Are thy immortal gardens fraught
With all that bliss the dreamer sought ?
Will houri, of diviner make,
To theirs the bleeding bosom take —
The sufferer's earthly loss supply —
With kindness cancel cruelty
And wipe up tears — allay the strife,
'Twixt pride and love, which shorten'd life ?

Bright Spirit of the midnight air !
Mine eyes do fill with tears, whene'er
In lone, secluded scenes my glance
Encounters thy pale countenance !
For other days my vision greet,
And other forms before me fleet;
My earlier life's associates pass
In dark review — the dead alas !
Even those with whom each hidden store
Of knowledge first we did explore;
Our boyhood's friends, a merry band !
That moved together hand in hand,

The sharers of our sports — and now,
The tree hath scarce a living bough!
And oh! more rare and less sincere
Are friendships of a later year.
Man's wariness of joy divests
The spring of Friendship, such as breasts
More youthful and less *subtle* know —
But this must be — *the world is so!*

And so, perchance, earl Mora thought;
Long converse with the world had taught
Him to despise its flattering crew;
The friends of youth had dwindled too,
Or changed, as interest changes all
The dwellers of this changeful ball!
No matter what the sacrifice,
To climb the ladder, what the price;
Affections, friendships, every tie
Before Ambition shiver'd lie!
When Man his brethren would outrun,
He stops not till the goal be won!
This Mora felt, and they were few
Who shared his lonelier hours, which drew

Upon him the dislike of those
His sterner habits seem'd to oppose.
In youth, all fire and energy,
Thirst for adventure, land and sea
Far had he travell'd and a name
Acquired upon the roll of Fame !
By Edward's side in Cressy's fight,
Had borne him as a stalbert knight!
Had hardships braved in Palestine,
When battling for the Holy Shrine!
Nor less, 'twas whisper'd, where he strove,
Successful in the lists of love !
Of gentle speech and comely mien,
Had favour gain'd with England's queen ;
And many a beauty of the land
In secret pined for Mora's hand.
Or true or false, his well-turn'd frame
And keen black eye might justly claim
Attention, which though mute, will prove
The harbinger of woman's love ;
Whose natural, inborn diffidence
Pleads stronger than the eloquence
Of words, and always must prevail, —
Unless time and occasion fail.

Even so, beloved, our passion grew,
With looks at first, and sweet ones too !
The volume of our souls we sought
To know, interpreting each thought ;
Each read apart, each tried to find
Similitude of heart and mind :
At length we spoke, and strange to tell,
Each guess'd the other's meaning well !
If love, the purest, sojourn here —
'Twas love, most fervent and sincere !
Oh ! such, dear maiden, can alone
Be blest, whose thoughts like ours are *) one !

And Mora's choice was fix'd, but pride
At length was destined to decide.
Alas ! the hour in which he wed,
His happiness for ever fled !
Ill-sorted pair ! yours, is it not
The more than common marriage lot ?
To pass through life, in union sweet
From youth to age, they were not meet ;

*) These lines were written in July, 1838; I now may well add :
„Vain earth ! false world ! foundations must be laid in heaven.“

Wordsworth.

Both strove for mastery, yet tried
Their bickerings from the world to hide;
Their very actions were at war —
Their feelings, thoughts, dissimilar:
Such could not long endure! they parted,
At enmity and broken-hearted!
Her days were brief, death closed her woes,
If merited, Heaven only knows!
Oft Mora's seen to strew with flowers
Her grave and linger there for hours
With Rosamund, his only child:
Strange! that such elements so mild
A being form'd, possessing all
The worth of woman ere her fall:
In gentleness, even as the dove,
And full of innocence and love!
And oft, against his will, the tear
Would in her father's eye appear,
When those soft features met his gaze;
The memory of other days
Perhaps it was, or inward shame —
Some secret which he dared not name!
Enough — his heart was ill at ease;
The menials vainly strove to please,

The harper came, his ancient song
He sang, the jester's licensed tongue
Gave vent to many an idle speech:
Unnoticed or unheard were each.
Of some calamity the dread,
Or dark foreboding, seem'd like lead
To weigh his spirits down, and joy
And energy alike destroy!

Days, weeks, and months had roll'd away!
One Summer's eve, when every spray
Upon the trees a starry shower
Appear'd, each leaf a golden flower,
And cloud on cloud along the west
Had o'er the Giant's *) fading crest
A sombre covering widely thrown,
To mourn a day for ever gone!
Expiring day! oh, who can see,
Nor think upon Eternity,
And own the presence of a God!
Yet men, from age to age, have trod

*) Like a giant doth he run his course.

Our earth and watch'd yon sun's decline,
Doubting his origin divine;
Ascribing glories, which their glance
Endured not, to the power of Chance —
To less than naught! Could Chance have fix'd
The laws of Nature? so have mix'd
The elements in harmony
Exact — fire, water, earth and sky?
Have balanced countless worlds above,
Prescribing paths wherein they move?
Have made the Seasons regular?
Fools! deem'd you Chance could work so far?
Could Chance have taught the seed to grow,
The flower to spring, mature and blow?

But to our theme. Down went the sun,
And twilight spread, and night begun;
The mountains from the view retreat,
As lover's separate to meet,
Yet pause and hesitate to part:
Such separations try the heart —
Howe'er resolved — however stout —
The future is so full of doubt!

The sun had sunk upon a scene
Too glorious ever to have been
Of bloodshed, and that man's, the site ;
Where nations struggled for the right,
Or jealous neighbours fought of old :
The feudal lord here built his hold,
Like eagle's nest, upon the rock,
Impregnable and strong, — might mock
Invaders, ay, — and oft defy
The will and power of sovereignty !
And such a scene was soon to pass,
When blood, instead of dew, the grass
Must moisten, till the morrow's sun
Again his fiery race shall run,
And scorch the hateful sacrifice
From Nature's face, or angry skies
With heavy tear-drops wash away
Those stains that shame the spotless day !

In Mora's halls report is loud ;
In heaps the trembling vassals crowd :
All is confusion and alarm —
The foe before the gates — „arm ! arm !“

The din of steel within — without,
The trampling, watchword and the shout
Of horsemen, and the casual glare
Of torches, gathering troops declare !
The soldiers densely line the walls —
The strong portcullis thundering falls —
And hark ! the clash of weapons — foes
Commingling — curses, groans and blows !

And terrible the combat raged,
And well besieger and besieged
In valorous achievements vie —
But who is he that fearlessly
From rank to rank doth move along,
The wavering cheers and leads the strong ?
Methinks that I before have seen
That proud, erect and noble mien !
The torches from the battlement
A momentary light have lent —
His visor's raised — his face is bare —
I know him by his raven hair —
The look of high resolve — the same !
I know him by his giant frame !

'Tis he who pass'd as pilgrim late
Through yonder hospitable gate !
What doth he *here*, as leader now,
The helm of war upon his brow —
Death dealing with unsparing hand ?
Is it some bold and lawless band
Which, under cover of the night,
Work deeds too evil for the light ?

The gates give way — the bastion falls —
They mount the breach — they scale the walls,
And every hand a firebrand hurls !
Already smoke in volumes curls
Above the watch-towers, and the cry
Ascends of souls in agony !
The conflagration fiercer grows —
The loftiest turret redly glows,
Distinct against the midnight sky, —
A burning comet to the eye !
And human forms — oh ! can it be ?
With outstretch'd arms, methinks, I see
An old man kneeling, and beside
Him stand a bridegroom and a bride,

Array'd in white and crown'd with flowers!
Ah! surely, from immortal bowers
An angel she — too pure, too rife
With beauty to belong to life!

Before the walls that chieftain stood,
And gazed upon the scene of blood!
A withering joy, a ghastly smile
Along his features play'd the while!
Such savage pleasure as belongs
To victors when avenging wrongs!
„Tis well! the haughty Mora now
„Pays dearly for his broken vow“ —
He mutter'd, „and deserves no less!“
The accents died — and o'er his face
A deadly paleness came — as one
Turn'd in a moment into stone!
For *then* his eye had caught that light —
The tower — each object met his sight —
Her too, the maid who many a year
In dreams before him would appear
When, toiling with ambitious mind,
For Fame he roved through farthest Ind —

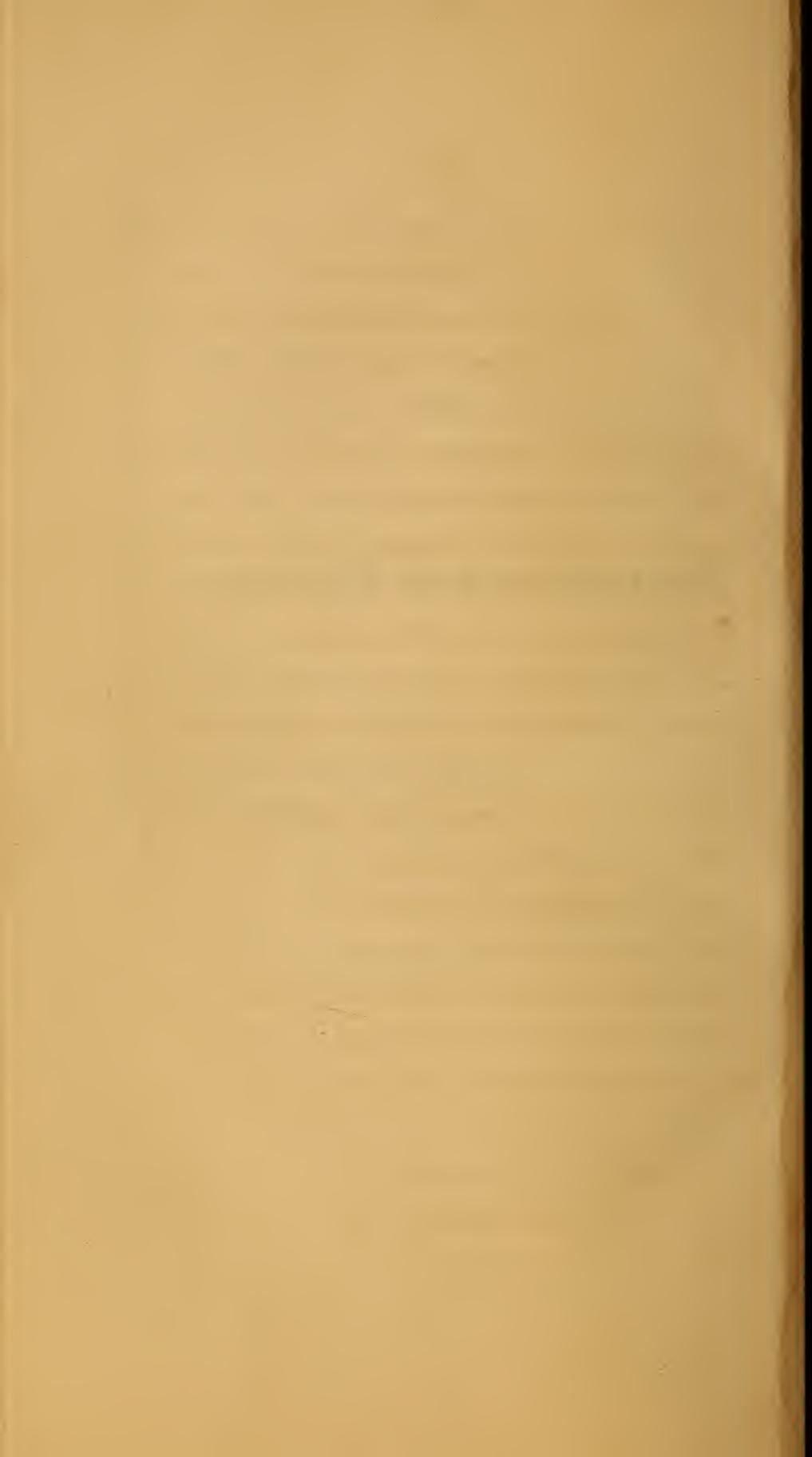
His promised guerdon, a reward
For countless hardships then endured!
He paused an instant — and his heel
Struck in his charger's side its steel —
The court is won — aloud he cries:
„Leave meaner booty, for a prize
„Of higher worth! yon maiden save!
„Her rescuer half my lands shall have!
„Follow!“ and hundreds that rush o'er
The glowing pile return'd no more!
The tumult thickens, and the fire
Like Evil Spirit mounteth higher!
Such piteous sounds rose every where —
Such imprecations clove the air —
The combatants resembled well
Contending demons — earth, a hell!
But lo! — black darkness spreads around —
And silence, sudden and profound —
An awful pause — a long shrill cry —
And wall and tower in ruins lie!

Few lived to tell the doleful tale:
At daybreak, one, yclad in mail,

With burden, rash was seen to ride, —
A burden 'twas he strove to hide,
And ever and anon look'd back,
As something follow'd in his track !
He rode from forth the burning mass,
Directly towards the dark morass —
His long locks waving in the breeze —
But ere he reach'd its stunted trees,
He check'd his steed — his arm he raised —
Back on the smoking ruins gazed,
And loudly laugh'd — away — on, on
He madly rides — the trees are won —
He disappears with *that* he bore —
Or dead or living — seen no more!

Miscellaneous Poems.





*On seeing an eagle
in a retired and inaccessible part of the
Bavarian Alps.*

LONE wanderer of the realms of light!
Lord of the unfrequented steep!
Could we participate thy flight
And boundless liberty, to reap
Knowledge conceal'd from mortal ken,
And other zones and other men
Discover, solving many a mystery deep!

Thou dost behold the sun's first beam,
While yet the earth in darkness lies,
And her innumerable children dream;
His latest ray too greets thine eyes:
And when the clouds, with lightning warm,
Roll on, thou overlook'st the storm
From thy proud eyry in the calmer skies!

Even so, the wiser soar above
All petty worldly aims, which thwart
Good deeds and dry up natural love;

To them the purest truths are taught
By Nature, truths, whereby the mind
More wealthy grows and more refined —
From flowers or trampled weeds oft gleaning thought !

Around — above — for ever near
Us — in the glen and on the hill!
Yes, holy Nature! many a year
Hast thou upheld and cheer'd me still;
When foes and treacherous friends opprest,
'Twas thou this sorrow-burden'd breast
With buoyant hope and balmy peace did'st fill —

And though a dweller among men
Again, yet erst my spirit found
Such solace in thy haunts, that when
I hear a bird's soft note, the sound
Will seem of happier days to be —
The language of tranquillity —
And, sighing for the past, I look around!

I look around — that bird of prey
Is seated on his rock-built nest;
He soars and sojourns far away —

No neighbouring rivals him molest:
Ah then, we surely should not deem
The hermit's choice an idle dream —
To be alone — and oh! to be at rest!

*To some Bavarian friends,
on the prospect of our shortly visiting the lakes
together.*

A few short weeks, — and we shall share
The feast of soul, my friends! inhale
Again the healthful mountain air,
Perfumed with wild flowers of the vale!

Our little boat again will steal
Along the surface of the lake, —
And I, as once I felt, should feel —
Could only *one* more this partake!

A comparison.

GLAD infancy! the surface of a lake
Serene, where wanton fish their circles make:
Short-lived enjoyment — lo! even as we gaze,
Circle on circle forms and disappears:
So too, the happiness of early days,
Soon vanishes, — belonging not to riper years!

Written in the mountains of Bavaria.

ON Alpine snow, forest, and waterfall,
The rising sun, from some high mount, as I
Have watch'd it, is a scene with which not all
The world's most fascinating scenes can vie!

To see the day contending with the night,
The village steeples peering through the haze;
To hear the matin bell to prayer invite,
And catch at times the distant hymn of praise:

To see the shepherd leaning on his crook,
His eye intent on heaven, to con its lines
Of foul or fair, as though he read a book;
And well he knows the weather's varying signs!

Sweet was the pastoral life in olden times —
Far purer than the anchorite's in his cell!
That golden era's gone: Vice boldly climbs
The loftiest peak, and riots in the dell!

The mountains were the shepherd's airy home —
Beneath them the dark woods and shelving rocks
Where, screen'd from noontide heats, he still might
roam
In careless freedom with his careless flocks!

His thoughts were gentle — wants and wishes few!
Heaven, as a dowry, gave him ruddy Health—
And Innocence, which to the soul is dew!
And last, Contentment — 'tis a mine of wealth!

*The Mendicant
of Munich.*

I saw an old man in my walks to-day —
I see him still — an old man, bent and blind;
His garb is tatter'd, and his locks are grey,—
Yet 'tis not therefore that he haunts my mind.

His artless tale the coldest heart would move —
No wounds ere rankle like Ingratitude!
The hand, that should have planted flowers of love,
The tares of sorrow in his pathway strew'd.

The scanty, hard-won gleanings of the poor, —
The bread which he had earn'd through many
a year;
All had he drain'd from out his little store, —
For *one*, the sole thing left him that was dear.

A son, the comfort of his age to be;
The parent stem might wither, from the root
Albeit he hoped to view another tree, —
A goodlier rise, and bear a better fruit.

Fond dream! — the son but shares his father's lot!
Oft have I seen the old man sit in cold
November's rain for hours, — and tremble not:
Much misery hardens, and despair is bold!

The wayward stripling proves a thankless man!
Precept, — like seed sown on a windy day,
On bad ground falling, weeds spring up: the plan
And hope of years, a moment sweeps away!

*To a much valued family of Munich;
on parting.*

Look here, upon this picture; and on this.
Hamlet.

THOSE sunny locks awhile survey —
That smiling, happy face:
Reverse the miniature, and say, —
Of all that was, is there a trace?

The cheek's bright roses, pallid thought
Hath stolen — the eye of fire bereft:
Upon this brow hath Passion wrought
Wild havock — many a furrow left!

Already Time my hair begins
To sprinkle with his silver hue;
Ah, me! sad records of past sins —
And warnings for the future too!

And yet, at moments, still I dare
To cherish hopes, albeit in vain:
Some opening rose aspire to wear —
And dream the dream of love again!

Delusion welcome! which the days
Of youth to memory can prolong,
And when the outward man decays,
Live on, — the heart preserving young.

Farewell, my friends! forgive — forget
My failings and my wayward mind!
It may be, had we earlier met —
'Tis madness now to look behind!

*Lines sent with a miniature of
the Author.*

To you, who hold perchance his memory dear, —
To you his semblance doth the minstrel send —
An all unworthy offering, though sincere —
The past and present serving still to blend !
For Memory is a traitor, and the Grave
Obliterates forms and features we would save:
The Painter and the Sculptor but defeat
Despotic death, — and time and distance cheat !

*From the author to a beloved one,
requesting her to destroy his letters.*

Yes, burn the letters! burn them, love!
Too precious for the vulgar gaze,
Or scoffer's idle jest to prove —
And what care *we* for others' praise !

Though fire consume, they are not dead,
They are not lost — in heart and brain
They live, by careful Memory fed,
Who reads them o'er and o'er again!

Then, grieve not, dearest, o'er their fate!
The thoughts of absent souls should be
As mysteries inviolate —
To *them* but known — to *thee* and *me*!

To ——— at parting.

YE golden days of love! I grieve
To think you for a season gone —
Would fain the parting hour believe
A dream, whose waking found us *one*!

Oft those, whose fortunes kindest prove,
A cold indifference doth chill:
The victims of an ill-starr'd love,
Are known to be most constant still!

As shells, the tempest's fury brave —
Adhering closer to their rock,
The more assail'd by wind and wave —
Still more tenacious every shock!

Our hearts the world cannot estrange;
Its injuries but link them more:
It threatens, — and we do not change!
It counsels hate, — and we adore!

Events have pass'd since we two met, —
Of sweet and painful memory!
So sweet, the heart cannot forget —
And sad memorials never die!

My soul, within the vortex sunk
So deep, I had imagined long —
That Hope into a phantom shrunk,
And Vice obtain'd dominion strong —

'Till thou, my guardian angel! burst
The spell which held my spirit pent!
Thou taught'st me Virtue's lesson first,
With all a woman's blandishment!

Oh! leave me not — a second time
The paths of Evil to retrace!
Be thou a barrier against crime —
My guide unto a better place!

To —————

I saw thy father's angry brow,
Yet check'd my bosom's kindling ire;
Howe'er unjust — I felt that thou
Wert still his child, and he thy sire!

An evil world hath made him thus;
It poisons many a noble mind!
Yet vainly doth it war on *us*!
Its malice leaves no trace behind!

It leaves no trace behind: no more
Than passing clouds disturb the day,
Or travellers' *feet* the sandy shore, —
Whose marks each tide doth wipe away!

*Written under the picture of a
beloved one.*

WHEN death for ever seals the minstrel's eyes,
And he no more may guard *this* hallow'd prize ;
O stranger ! reverence it still as such !
And let no sensuist's eye, or vulgar touch,
Profane the image of a thing so fair
And virtuous, — but, do thou, with pious care,
Commit it to the fiery element, —
Nor let the one outlive the other — blent
In dust, perchance, her form on Lethe's stream
May charm his spirit, as elysian dream !

To —————

WHEN earth renew's its garb of green,
And vernal flowers expand —
A mighty sea will roll between
Me and my fatherland !

And yet, not that — in truth I speak —
Not that would bring a tear
Into mine eye or pale my cheek, —
If thou wert only near!

To me the ties of Country are
But stern necessity;
While those of love — oh, sweeter far!
Have bound my heart to thee!

To thee — inseparable still!
Oh! break not thou the spell —
For it hath power each human ill
To soften and to quell!

And though my life's horizon seem
O'ercast — without a ray —
One solitary star will beam
Upon my darken'd way!

A phantom Hope still warm my breast,
And wean it from despair:
A dream of joy — though much too blest, —
For one like me to share!

Written at Constantinople.

THE night is still and dark!
No Moslem's call to prayer,
Or watch-dog's honest bark, ..
Disturbs the breathless air!

The city's walls beneath
In ruin'd pomp extend —
And pestilence and death
O'er every roof impend!

The sun which soon must rise,
For me, the last may prove —
And, oh! perchance these eyes
Ne'er gaze on *her* I love!

To *her* my every thought
I consecrate this hour —
Can Slumber boast of aught
Like wakeful Memory's power?

Contemplated travels in Egypt.

THE crime may well be pardon'd one whose days
To sharp adversity a prey have been,
Should home at length grow irksome to his gaze—
His wounded bosom pant for change of scene!

To be a wanderer in the East once more —
Beside the Ganges or majestic Nile, —
And many an earlier scene again live o'er, —
And all that then I felt, to feel awhile —

For long my heart had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain !
And now that both occasion and the hour
Are present— do resolve and purpose wane:
Such is the heart, — and such Affection's power!

The Dream.

A dream — delicious dream of late —
Returning peace of mind hath scared ;
I mourn anew my wretched fate :
The heart's deep wounds again are bared !

That dream hath robb'd me of all rest —
Again her beauty comes — again
The fire that slumber'd in my breast
Burns fiercer, and consumes my brain !

Too fatal fondness — *love of home* !
Would I had still 'mid strangers been
Content from land to land to roam —
Indifferent still, — and still serene !

For *there* it was we met, and swore
Eternal faith — nor could I less
Than love a being *all* adore !
A being full of tenderness !

'Twas madness so to love — yet who
Is wise in passion's rapturous hour?
Cold hearts may shun — the warmer woo
The thraldom of so sweet a power!

Though wretchedness our portion prove —
It is the same! — both will and choice
Are forfeited the hour we love —
We list no longer Reason's voice!

And shall I quarrel with my lot?
A glimpse of Paradise was mine —
A glimpse alone — I had forgot —
It was a dream, — and how divine!

O Sleep! I will no more complain!
Let me dream on — for ever dream!
Call up, O Sleep! her form again —
That earth, a Paradise may seem!

To —————

Yes — deeply have I thought and long, —
And prudence, duty, virtue weigh'd;
But what are these, where love is strong —
The heart — the heart must be obey'd!

True — thou art silent — distant — yet
Methinks, at times, our spirits meet:
Thou can'st not wholly one forget,
For whom thy heart hath fondly beat!

The pride of station it was not —
Nor gold that could allure thy breast;
For, hadst thou coveted such lot, —
Long since thou hadst been truly blest!

Alas! 'tis therefore that I feel
And curse the destiny that bars
From me all sublunary weal, —
And peace of mind for ever mars!

With idle hope, I've wander'd on
From land to land, and pole to pole ;
In vain, thine equal sought — alone
Art thou in beauty as in soul !

Ah ! deadly is this love of ours —
Deceiving with its fair disguise !
Even as the stranded wretch devours
The tempting fruit on which he dies !

A precept for many.

SOLVED is the dark enigma now —
The cause of many years of sorrow !
'Tis written on my furrow'd brow :
Read it, — and thence a lesson borrow !

In evil hour, my luckless bride !
In evil hour our vows we plighted !
It was the day my sire had died —
Thus, Death the bridal garland blighted !

To causeless wrath we soon were moved—
And soon in discontent did sever!
Too rashly we had met and loved:
Such union could not last for ever!

*The fall of Warsaw and Poland's
independence.*

WITH power to save, though Europe's kings amazed,
But on this second Nero's combat gazed, —
While shouts of liberty arose in vain!
Though unopposed, the tyrant stalks the plain —
Shall unrevenged remain the honour'd dead?
No! — 'tis in Heaven the wrongs of Poland plead!
Not theirs alone, a short and bloody strife —
The phrensied, fearless sacrifice of life —
But ordeals against unequal strength,
Gaunt famine, sickness, treachery, and length
Of toil and watching which unnerve the frame, —
The wildest valour of the warriour tame!

Their portion has been *such* — yet they will find
A recompense, — and Warsaw be adjoin'd
To Marathon! Thermopylæ! — proud words!
Which Fame, with both a tear and smile, records!

*The Emigrant's farewell to his
native land.*

I go from the land of my fathers, he said —
I go from the land where the tombs of the dead
Are famed in the furthermost corners of earth —
Where valour and learning and art had their birth!
Their monuments stand,—but their spirits are flown!
We see of the Roman his bondmen alone!
Ye mountains so lovely — thou ever blue sky —
Ye surely were meant as the home of the free!
With *such* as now shame you, 'tis torture to dwell!
Italia! my country! — for ever farewell!

*Address to the Greeks,
and written among their islands.*

THESE barren rocks, of old,
When Greece was great and free,
Sent forth their wise and bold —
Earth's precedents to be!
Bear witness to those days,
Fair Athens! Marathon!
Ye isles, on which I gaze —
How is your glory gone!
Ye isles, that teem'd with men,
Renown'd in war and peace —
Empires awaited then
The will of conquering Greece!

And Greece now yields a race, —
Unmatch'd in cunning wiles —
The basest of the base —
The robber's chosen isles!

Greeks! have ye bondage broke,
To be but more despised —
To wear Dishonour's yoke?
'Twas Worth your fathers prized,
And fought and bled for long:
Before you are their graves!
Be virtuous, wise and strong —
And be no longer slaves!

On seeing a boy at play.

OF sorrow half— and half of joy —
Conflicting feelings stir my mind,
As oft, the gambols of a boy,
I watch — to all save pleasure blind !

It is, that I, o happy boy !
Have read the future's darken'd page, —
And know the fulness of thy joy —
Its scarcity in riper age !

'Tis therefore that my tears will flow,
Even when rejoicing o'er thy glee;
By sad experience taught, that now
It ebbs, — for ever ebbs from thee!

The sound of bells.

WHY should the tolling of that bell
Seem to rebuke our vacant mirth?
We know it is a funeral knell —
We know a brother's laid in earth!

The warning voice of Time we hear!
A soul's eternity begins!
That sound falls heavy on the ear
Of Man, — o'erburden'd with his sins?

Why should those bells which rend the air
With clamorous mirth, delight the breast?
We know their merry peals declare
A brother's joy — his marriage-feast!

And Hope doth paint the picture there
In brightest hues of wedded bliss:
A being meant with Man to share
A better life — and sweeten *this!*

Self-admonition.

My passions run too wild — beyond control;
As flies the fiery race-horse past the goal!
I must restrain them, ere old age arrive,
Or they will die but when I cease to live!
The laws of Nature wisely such oppose;
The tree in Winter cannot bear the rose!
An ignis-fatuus, glimmering through the night,
Is palsied age with youthful appetite!
More serious thought and nobler aim demand
The pilgrim journeying to a better land!
Then pause — before it be too late, my soul!
Thy passions learn to chasten and control!

Written on the first of May.

AT length the heavy dream has past away,—
And earth beholds the smiling face of May!
I live, to hail once more the glorious Spring —
Its fresh green leaves and birds upon the wing!
Ah me! again Hope whispers in my breast —
Again awaken feelings laid at rest:
The tide of other days awhile reflows —
A moment's sunshine through my bosom glows, —
And I could kneel and weep for very joy —
Forget the man and be the reckless boy —
The reckless boy, thy rival, beauteous May!
For what is youth but one long Summer's day!

*Retrobution,**a fragment.*

I saw blood flowing in my fathers' halls,—
The blood of my own race; yet in that hour
I did not weep or shudder to behold
That death-game play'd before my infant gaze.—

Which rather seem'd a pastime and a joy
Than aught to be abhor'd, or shunn'd, or fear'd?
Alas! my lonely lot, in after years,
Hath well chastised such untimed merriment;
For on the spacious earth, I cannot name
Or friend or kinsman bound to me in love:
Then, do not marvel if at times my brow
Be overcast, and wanting in that mirth
Most common to my age. If not too proud,
I could shed tears—but none have seen them flow!—
Yes, Leonora! on thy breast, methinks,
To weep awhile, would solace my poor heart!

The shipwrecked man.

HE stood on the rocks of a beautiful isle, —
Above him the heavens ever cloudless did smile;
The air and the forests with harmony rung,
The sea slept serene as the bosom when young!
And yet, midst the beauties of Nature he sigh'd —
And mournful the look he sent over the tide:

For there all alone, on that wave-girded strand,
The stranger now thought on his far native land—
The friends of his youth, and the years that had past
Since he like a weed on those shores had been cast:
And oh! how he yearn'd for the tempest that there
Some bark, though a wreck, on his island should bear;
Again to commune and discourse with his race,
Again to behold but some brotherly face —
For what is a garden of Eden alone?
Oh! who that the voice of affection hath known, —
And friendship and every endearment which links
Humanity here, but from solitude shrinks?
That simple word „*home*“ hath a magical spell:
How dear to the heart, the poor exile can tell!

Painful retrospection.

EARTH's low pursuits aside we cast
When age has tamed down youthful fire;
We then first contemplate the past,
And wish our objects had been higher!
Sin works so subdolously, — few
Ere shun the crimes their fathers rue!

When sinless pleasure's charm is o'er,
When peace of mind is gone for aye —
Youth's talisman possest no more, —
And thorny doubts obstruct our way;
We sigh, and tremble as we gaze
Back on the wrecks of happier days!

Stanzas,

on the melancholy death of Lord Graves.

ALAS! how baleful ofttimes prove
The gifts of rank and wealth — each hour
Are woman's truth and woman's love
The victims of their all-enslaving power!

Ill-fated one! thou could'st not live,
On every ribald's lip to hear
Her name a jest — too sensitive,
The weight of undeserved shame to bear!

The homicide.

FOR aye the arm of vengeance sleepeth not!
I saw one seated on his hearth secure —
Prosperity and health were then his lot —
His toils' reward — and why? *his deeds were pure!*

And still he wax'd in wealth — endearing love,
A father's love was his — and none might trace
Or gloom or aught of sorrow to reprove
The calm content that glow'd upon his face.

Anon — I paused again before his home —
It now was changed; crops wither'd on his lands —
And he, a vagabond, was forced to roam, —
And why? — the stain of blood defiled his hands!

A care-worn, alter'd man, whose days and nights
Were haunted by fierce spectres of the brain;
All pleasant hopes, affections and delights,
Imbitter'd by the heavy curse of Cain!

Once more I saw him, as their hymn of praise
The birds sang sweetly over hill and bower:
He listen'd — 'twas the voice of other days, —
And conscience smote him at his final hour!

The chains he wore seem'd to transfix his mind!
For Life no longer held its flattering glass:
Years faded, — leaving one sad thought behind —
What now he might have been — the wretch he was!

Time wreaks all ills! unbinds the treacherous spell,
Which mock'd with seeming peace the sinful breast;
Wrong'd Conscience must awake her inward hell;
Though tardy — injured Justice be redrest!

The very winds will murder'd bones unbare —
The sea, enraged, disgorge them on the land;
Nay, self-accusing guilt its deed declare, —
Or midnight dreams point out the bloody hand!

A twofold vision.

I wander'd in a spacious garden, where
The trees and shrubs were of the richest green,
The emerald hue of Spring or early Summer, —
Save that it alter'd not from day to day;
Where fruits matured and fell, and flowers did bloom
And shed their sweets upon the lap of earth —
None withering, — for perpetual was their life!
Beneath a clustering woodbine I beheld
The first created pair — so beautiful!
They might have been mistaken for the angels,
But for their lack of wings: such Innocence
And Love, Content and boundless Gratitude,
Conspicuous shone on either countenance,
Imprinting charms that made them seem of heaven!
Methought, that for the first time they had met —
When glad astonishment had scarce subsided —
As eager, mute inquiry waken'd love —
A feeling undefiled, and new, and holy!
Just then I woke — but slept, and dream'd again:
And lo! the picture now was changed — instead
Of that fair garden and its emerald green,

A city wound its walls about me, — and
I heard the din of multitudes, and saw
Their diverse garbs, and ranks, and ages mingle;
All bent on low delight, or sordid gain.
Within a dome which tower'd above the rest,
And seem'd to mark the palace of a king —
I saw that pair, whom I so late had seen —
For they were like, save that the bloom of youth
Had fled their cheeks, where wrinkles gather'd fast;
Save that, Pride, Jealousy and Discontent,
And uncheck'd passions had defiled their souls!
Alone, within an alcove they did sit, —
To watch the setting sun, — and as he sank
And darkness grew, their eyes were fill'd with tears—
As though they would have follow'd in his path, —
Forsaking gladly splendour such as theirs, —
Once more to gaze upon their Paradise!

A liar's epitaph.

WITHIN this grave,
Here *lies* a youth!
Confound the knave —
He speaks the truth!

Passion.

THE mind, once warpt to Passion's sibyl form,
Must ride before the interminable storm:
Balms may be found to heal where grief has wrung —
But what shall cure the heart that love hath stung?

The bird's song.

I've listen'd to a maiden's lay —
A deep-toned lyre — a whispering grove —
The murmur of a fountain's play, —
And felt the while, or dream'd of love!
But never voice or melody yet heard,
To match with wild notes of the forest bird!

On the approach of Winter.

WINTER so soon return'd! the last
Methinks still numbs me with its blast!
Blithe Summer, like a dream of love,
Flies quickly — slow doth Winter move!
Beings, predestined more to taste
Than to enjoy, we here seem placed;
Or wherefore must such beauty die
As Spring creates? deformity
Of tempest and congealing air
Supplant a scene so wondrous fair?
It was decreed, when life began,
To bound the happiness of Man;
In the same breast were heaven and hell,
And good and evil made to dwell:
. In cloud and sunshine, day and night,
We walk — in shadow and in light!
Unworthy, weak, imperfect things!
Demons — or angels robb'd of wings!

Passion.

THE noblest passions will disease the mind,
And make our life a dream of fierce emotion;
Like helmless vessel that before the wind
Drives to and fro upon a stormy ocean.
Events, of common nature, grow mysterious,
And words, most simple, seem enigmas deep, —
Until the o'erwrought brain becomes delirious;
For Passion, like a vampyre, steals on sleep,
And gently lulls the wretch she doth destroy:
The human heart is still her favourite toy —
She sports with it, as babes with baubles play;
At length, the broken idol's cast away!

On second marriage.

TO take a second or a third wife here,
May be accounted very Christian work:
With more than one wife in another sphere,
The Christian surely will be deem'd a Turk!

To a weeping girl.

THOU mourn'st thy father's ruthless deeds;
Thy young heart o'er thy mother bleeds:
Weep on! in Virtue's diadem,
Each tear, o maiden, is a gem!
For suffering Man and Man misled,
Tears, we are told, even angels shed.
Weep on! thy tears, a balm impart
To *her*, — and may yet melt *his* heart.

First love.

THE hue or odour of some flower
Our parents cull'd in Eden's bower;
A something left of Paradise,
Whereon no serpent's venom lies,—
Art thou, in thy young morn, o Love!
Type of yon firmament above,
When azure, boundless and serene —
When not a single cloud is seen!

The first libation that we pour
Unto the being we adore,
Is pure, and cometh from the soul!
Unlike the juice of Passion's bowl,
Which fails to quench the thirst of him
Whose lips have hourly prest its brim.
From childhood's happy ignorance
We waken up, as from a trance;
Or, as the blind restored to sight,
At once beholding Beauty's light!
As caves, or wildernesses dark,
Are lighted by the electric spark:
So sudden oftentimes, — and oh!
How oftentimes as transient too!
Alas! on thee, portentous hour!
How much depends — since thou hast power
To change our natures, as the tide
Of ocean changes, — and decide
Our lot and all our wanderings *here* —
Perchance too in a higher sphere!

Against despair.

WHAT if thy kin a home deny —
Despairing, must thou therefore die?
The wild beast finds its place of rest,
The bird can build its downy nest;
And shall not Man a refuge find,
Far from the envy of his kind;
Some wilderness, some rocky cave
By Nature form'd — his home and grave?

An evening in Arabia.

'TIS eve — the light-wing'd zephyr moves
O'er flowers and aromatic groves;
The placid hour and balmy air,
Seem to divest all things of care;
Soft music floats upon the breeze;
Birds seek their nest, their hive the bees, —
And Man his pillow — slumbers light —
His opium and his sherbet bright!

Fragment of an Eastern tale.

IN dewy sleep the evening hour
Doth fold up many a beauteous flower;
The morn beholds them fresh and fair,
Exhaling sweetness through the air.
Last eve beheld as fair a maid
In Slumber's arms as gently laid:
„This Rose of Persia — Persia's pride!
„To-morrow's sun will be my bride!“
The young and thoughtless Hassan cries.
The morrow came — the sun did rise —
Each flower beneath his genial ray
Unclosed, as fresh as yesterday! —
That Rose alone a sudden blight
Had nipp'd — it wither'd in the night!
The sound of gathering, voices shrill,
And strife were hear — then all was still!
So still, you might have heard the flow
Of waters in the plains below!
The desert-robber's spear is red
With slaughter, — hearts that sleeping bled!
Whoe'er the tiger's mercy won?
Whom none will pity, — pities none!

The oak.

AT morn I pass'd an aged oak,
The only one the woodman's stroke
Seem'd to have spared for many a rood,
As monarch of the neighbouring wood.
So dense its foliage spread, the eye
Could scarcely through it see the sky.
At eve I pass'd the spot again —
And blacken'd ashes strew'd the plain!
I mused, — and thought on kingdoms gone
To swift destruction — Babylon
And Tyre! no vestige left to tell
Their site: enough — they were and fell!
That tree had braved the Winter's blast,
To be the lightning's prey at last!
That tree had fallen — the mightiest fall! —
Our earth is perishable all!

Flowers.

WITH us, joint children of the earth,
Sweet flowers, are ye! with us in mirth
And mourning — through all changes here;
Adorning oft our funeral bier!

Yon chaplet, form'd of paler roses,
The chastity of one discloses;
And happier, may be, had her hours
Of life flow'd onward, than if flowers
More various should compose the wreath
That decks her monument in death!

Oh! beautiful it is, to pay
Such tribute to departed clay!
In life, *they* graced its brighter hours;
In death, be its companions, *flowers*!

Drinking friendships.

SUCH friendships as wine-cups unite,
Work, like the wine, a single night.

The silence of death.

WHAT cunning hand did ever wake
Upon the lyre sweet music's strain, —
The lyre whose every chord was broken?
Fond mourner! thy attempts to break
The silence of the dead, as vain:
The lips are seal'd, that should have spoken!

The old man's lament.

As moans the wind o'er
A ruin of ages —
Is heard on the shore,
Before the storm rages;

Are sighs o'er the past,
The joys that have left us,
Since Time's chilling blast
Of youth has bereft us:

Of youth and of joy —
A joy without measure!
One grain of alloy,
To thousands of pleasure!

Oh, strike the harp loud,
'Till memory vanish!
For things on it crowd,
I gladly would banish!

Where feasts were of yore,
Dim shadows brood only;
The feast is no more —
My dwelling is lonely!

My dog was the last
To love and caress me!
His bark as I past,
Was something to bless me!

But he, like the rest,
Has also departed;
Expecting each guest —
He died, broken-hearted!

And Winter is near —

The harvest advancing :

Why tarry I here ?

The reapers are dancing !

I now am alone !

The lark and the plover —

The reapers are gone —

The harvest is over.

A gleaner am I,

Amongst the dry stubble !

Why bursts it not — why ?

If life be a bubble ?

True love.

BEFORE our infant lips could love express,

We loved each other, from the earliest age ;

Scholastic studies made us love no less,

For we did share the sports that then engage, —

And loving still, have wed —

I and that gentle maid !

We wed; and whether in the banquet hall,
Or deep seclusion of the woodland shade, —
We always love each other, more than all
Around us — I and that angelic maid!

And if you ask us why?
Let childhood's days reply!

Though years are fled, we still behold our love
Reflected and enlarged; its every ray
In rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes that move
Like meteors round us and illume our way, —

And growing, as we grew —
Will love, as we loved, too!

Counsel for lovers.

THE more profound your secrecy,
The more sincere and deep your love!
Believe me, where the tongue is free,
The heart is very apt to rove!

Another.

PLAY not the braggart with thy passion,
Nor praise thy girl in others' hearing;
Such is not wise, though much the fashion:
Love — but to love avoid appearing!

*Lines written under a painting of
some strawberries.*

THIS painting is an emblem true
Of Life's first stages and its best;
The germe, and bud, and ripeness too, —
Are here all faithfully exprest!

The fruit resembles those on earth,
The friends with whom we sometimes meet,
Of unpretending, lowly birth —
But of a nature passing sweet !

*Written under a drawing of some
shells.*

THY waves, o sea! are oft our brethrens' graves;
Thou, like the earth, hast dwellings and hast caves;
And flowers and weeds abound in thy green field, —
Treasures and secrets which thou dost not yield!
Thy shells, in colour and proportion fair,
Their great Creator's master-mind declare:
From depths they float up, where no eye can reach —
To tame the haughtiness of Man, and teach
And strengthen Faith: to learn us, like those shells
Conceal'd, — that Truth in darkness often dwells.

To the spirit of a departed friend.

AND art thou gone — friend of my early years?
Shall hundreds that esteem'd thee mourn thy loss,—
And I, who have most cause, withhold my tears,
Because my stubborn will was doom'd to cross
Thy wise, paternal counsels throughout life,
And wage against thee most unnatural strife?
No! deeper be my grief and penitence! —
Blest shade! let this for many wrongs atone,—
That I, to her thou lov'dst, will be from hence
All that thou could'st desire — a tender son!
O God! make strong my purpose — oh! be near
Her! comfort her — for THOU art every where!

August, 1838.

*We know not the worth of a friend
until we have lost him.*

How seldom do we prize
The virtues of a friend,
Until he mouldering lies —
When friendship's at an end.

Ourselves perversely cheat,
And wholesome truths contemn:
We wear its counterfeit, —
And fling away the gem!

Poor, frail mortality!
Ah why for ever war
'Gainst those that love thee? why
Thus life's enjoyments mar?

Could Earth but render back
The treasures she has ta'en!
Not gold it is we lack:—
Restore the dead again!

Give back! give back, o Grave!
What I have lost — *a friend!*
Vain wish! of Earth to crave —
What Heaven could only send!

December, 1838.

Inez de Castro:

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY IN 3 ACTS.





Inez de Castro.

Donna Inez was the daughter of Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, a Castilian nobleman who, about the year 1337, commanded the frontier army of Alonzo XI., King of Castile; but on account of favours received from Alphonso IV., King of Portugal, he refused to fight against that country, and took refuge at the court of the latter. In Inez were united every charm of beauty, exalted mind, and the most graceful and accomplished manners.

Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV., and heir apparent to the Portuguese throne, was a youth of noble and brave disposition, whose exploits in arms had rendered him illustrious. He became enamoured of Inez, and waving all considerations as to birth and fortune, was privately married to her at Braganza by the bishop of Guarda. Their union was concealed, and his intercourse with Inez, passed off at court as an intrigue of gallantry. But the nobility having got information of the marriage, and

jealous of the preference thus shown to Inez, took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of unbounded ambition, and pretended that fatal consequences might be dreaded from such an alliance; that her brothers, who were very powerful in Castile, would destroy the Prince's son Fernando by the lady Constance, in order that one of *her own* children might inherit the crown. They denied Inez's right to be queen. She was nevertheless of blood royal, as her sister sat on the throne of Castile. They even insinuated that Constance had been murdered to gratify the Prince's love for Inez.

Alphonso, who had himself been an undutiful son and a cruel father, lent a too willing ear to these calumnies against Inez, and was at length persuaded to murder her. Donna Inez at that time resided at Coimbra with her children, in the palace of Santa Clara. When Alphonso arrived there, unfortunately the Prince was absent on a hunting excursion. Inez, apprized of the King's approach, met him with her children, threw herself at his feet and implored mercy. The feelings of nature at first triumphed, but his advisers, Pedro Coelho, Diego Lopez and Alvaro Gonsalves, urged the necessity of her death for the welfare of the country which was at that moment in a very precarious and unsettled state. She was dragged into his presence, and with the utmost aggravations of inhumanity, kill'd before his eyes. The bloody act was scarcely committed, when

the Prince arrived. He gave way to the bitterest grief and invoked the vengeance of Heaven on her murderers. He put himself at the head of an army and carried fire and sword through their lands. Alphonso died racked with remorse at his crime.

No sooner did Don Pedro ascend the throne, than he set about completing the work of vengeance. By exchanging prisoners with the King of Castile, the aggressors were put into his power. He had them tortured to discover their accomplices; but without effect. They were laid on a pyre, contiguous to a banquet, and while they lingered under the most excruciating torments, their hearts were cut out. The pyre was then lighted, in presence of which the King feasted, as they evaporated in flames. He afterwards caused the remains of Inez to be disinterred, and placed upon a throne in the church of Santa Clara with the greatest solemnity, and honours were paid to the corpse. After the ceremony it was removed to Alcobaca, and buried by torch-light.

The country about Coimbra is mountainous and richly cultivated, abounding in cypresses, olive and orange trees, small pine-wood and German oak. The valleys are watered by numerous streams and covered with gardens, quintas, summer-houses and monasteries. The river Mondego winds before the City; in the distance rises the lofty range of Lousao, and mount Bussaco is seen, its solitary summit adorned with a monastery of the Carmelites. There is a spot in the neighbour-

hood of Coimbra called „the garden of tears”, with a fountain of the same name. From hence is a superb view of the palace of Santa Clara, the chosen residence of Don Pedro and the ill-fated Inez.

Such is the Historian's account of this tragic event in Portuguese history; and however various and conflicting the relations of other writers may be as to dates and circumstances, there can but be one sentiment upon the cruelty of Alphonso — that of horror! — but one feeling towards the unfortunate Inez — that of pity!

The reader will observe that the author of the present tragedy has often very materially departed from the above account of facts, taking advantage of the writings of others on the same subject, where they better suited his purpose.

Dramatis personæ.

MEN.

ALPHONSO, *reigning king of Portugal.*

DON PEDRO, *his son, and heir to the throne.*

LORD HIGH CONSTABLE.

GONSALVES,
COELHO, } *counsellors of the king.*

LOPEZ, *attendant to the Lord High Constable.*

JULIAN, *attendant to Don Pedro.*

ARCHBISHOP OF OPORTO. *Grandees of Portugal,*

Priests, Gaoler, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

DONNA INEZ DE CASTRO, *privately married to
Don Pedro.*

DONNA BIANCA, *princess of Navarre.*

JOANNA, *waiting woman to Donna Inez.*

Ladies of the court, and female attendants.

the first time.

It is also

the first time

that I have

seen a specimen

of this species

in the field.

It is also

the first time

that I have

seen a specimen

of this species

in the field.

It is also

the first time

that I have

seen a specimen

of this species

in the field.

It is also

the first time

that I have

seen a specimen

of this species

in the field.

Inez de Castro.

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.

Breaking open the door of Juliet's monument.

SHAKSPEARE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Within the gates of Lisbon. A march; troops pass over
the stage.*

*Enter KING ALPHONSO, LORD HIGH CONSTABLE,
COELHO, GONSALVES, &c.*

K. Alp. PEACE to the dead—the brave who died
for Christ!

And well too for the living who can say:
„Once more we stand within Lisboa's gates“!
Then doff, my friends, the helmet and the sword,
And let the war-steed rest him in his stall!
We thank you for your zeal evinced for us,—
Befitting sons of Portugal, renown'd
In farthest Ind as valiant in the field,

And no less loyal in the times of peace.
The sacred cause all Christendom espouses;
Armed cap-a-pié, the stripling with shrill voice
Doth importune his sire that he may bear
The standard of the cross to distant climes.
As David 'gainst the huge Goliah match'd,
The Moorish army when compared with ours—
Ours but a handful of intrepid hearts!
Heaven lent us vigour, and again the cross
Hath triumph'd! and again the crescent fail'd!
The Moorish widow will remember long
Taryfa's field, the Moorish soldier curse
The band that sent him with his swarthy myriads
Back to the burning sands of Africa—
Yet leaving dead enough to fertilize
Our brother Castile's lands—our new ally!—
We now intend a solemn thanksgiving
And feast, to celebrate our victory;
Already is the princess of Naverre
Invited, and each hour expected here:
Her would we to our loved Pedro wed,—
It will much strengthen our increasing power!
I marvel that he is not here to greet
Our glad return — know you, Lord Constable,

What bodes his absence at such joyful hour?
I fear lest grievous sickness be the cause.

Const. Nay, Heaven forefend! 'tis hardly three
days since

The happiest tidings from the prince arrived!
He little dreams so soon to welcome home
Your majesty! Permit that I despatch
A messenger with news of your return?

K. Alp. 'Tis well!—yet stay—upon maturer thought,
We judge it more advised, Lord Constable,
Yourself should seek the prince—your lips convey
Our ardent wish to fold him in these arms,—
And further say, we would present to him
A spouse, accomplish'd, young, and wondrous fair!
In virtue of your office he will lend
A patient and attentive ear—besides,
Should he seem aught averse or slow to wed,
Persuasive words you lack not to enforce
Obedience meet.

Const. I humbly take my leave—
Nor doubt I, ere the moon is at her full,
To be the herald of his glad consent.

[*Exit LORD HIGH CONSTABLE.*

Coel. Yet have I strange misgivings, and distrust
His highness's acceptance of the boon

Your royal hand thus bountifully tenders;
For I most carefully have lately watch'd
The prince, and frequent fits of melancholy
And deep abstraction have observed usurping
His wonted mirth and sportive cheerfulness.

K. Alp. An absent father's danger in the war
Will blanch the cheek, and cloud the filial brow.
Thy thoughts, Gonsalves, speak!

Gon. We are agreed!

Coelho's sentiments and fears are mine!
His love for Inez waxes every day.
I like not her, my liege! arts numberless
A woman can at will exert, if once
She gain dominion o'er the heart of man.
Through her persuasive tongue, how frequently
Doth treason spring up—loose rebellious schemes
Awake; allegiance, duty, honour sleep!
Of late, his highness rarely condescends
To join the court, scarce mingles in its pleasures—
Sits cold spectator of the tournament,
Unnoticing the many beauteous forms
Which crowd about him and in vain essay
To kindle on his countenance a smile.
Unwelcome and most unbeseeming change!

The heir unto the throne of Portugal
To lead a pastoral life—an anchorite's!

K. Alp. Know you no more?

Coel. Nothing—yet—might I dare
To offer, sire, my poor advise — [Pausing.]

K. Alp. Proceed!

Coel. 'Twere good your majesty require more oft
The prince's presence at Lisboa's court;
'Twill wean him from his gloomy mood,— and what
Were of still greater moment to my mind —
The subtle net which **Donna Inez** weaves.

K. Alp. True—true: well thought, Coelho! follow
straight—

Command the Lord High Constable he fail
Not to deliver all,—and bring my son!
Bid him heed well to urge the marriage part —
For my expectances on that are built! [Exit COELHO.
Gonsalves, come with me; I would confer
On lighter matters which concern the time
And plan of our approaching festival. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

Mountain scenery near Coimbra.

Enter LORD HIGH CONSTABLE and LOPEZ, his confidential attendant.

Const. The ascent is rugged, long and wearisome ;
Yet amply t'will repay the clamberer's toil,
To gaze upon such scenery beneath him !
Rich banquet for the soul susceptible
To Nature's beauties — whether, wild and stern,
Display'd in rude and beetling precipice
Or cataract; impenetrable woods
And caves, the haunts of savage nature — or
Beheld in smooth and cultured, broad campaign —
The habitation of exalted Man !
The sunlight and the shadow, flitting o'er
The meadow and the vineyard, are but types
Of passing generations ; glittering here
A little hour, then darken'd in the tomb !
In dread uncertainty — yet revelling
And framing plans, as though exempt from death !
As yonder river travels to the ocean,
Do temporal things approach Eternity :
Here, with unruffled surface, glides the wave —

There, hurried in its course 'twixt narrow shores,
 And tumbled angrily o'er shallow sands;—
 Resembling Life! its moments calm and blest,
 And those of black despondency and care—
 In all still checker'd!

Lop. 'Tis a lovely scene!

Alas! these limbs, once strong and nimble as
 The antelope's, begin to fail me now.
 I have grown aged in your house, my lord,—
 And in your father's house.

Const. My faithful Lopez!

Dost see yon trunk of giant pine, the winds
 Or dreadful lightnings in their swift career
 Have levell'd, and no sign of verdure left!
 Rest thine old limbs thereon awhile; myself,
 Less weary, will essay to gain yon peak
 Where ruin'd battlements conspicuous stand,—
 And seem to frown upon the smiling landscape.
 Perchance I may from thence descry the bowers
 Of sweet Mondego! though 'tis many a year
 Since I beheld them last,—and question much
 If treacherous memory will still select
 Them from the rest. But, hark! a hunter's horn!

[*The sound of a distant horn is heard.*

I will ascend, the better to command
A full view of the chase! a glorious pastime!
Replete with ruddy health! a sport I prized
In early life,—and which from morn till eve
No mountaineer more ardently pursued!

[*He ascends the mountain.*

Imbosom'd in the richest woodland stands
The quinta of the prince. Well chosen site
For twin-born Love, divine Philosophy,
Or Royalty grown irksome of the cares
Of state—or fitter haunt for Poetry!
Yes—I can single it from all around!
The wand of Time, or more capricious Man,
Have not so changed the features of yon spot—
But that I know it well! for there are scenes
Which, like the witching form of some fair girl—
Once seen—are never more to be forgotten!
Ay, though it were a passing glance alone—
And that but for an instant—still impress'd
Indelible upon the mind and heart
They freshly live, when thousand meaner things
Are buried in oblivion—unregretted! —
But who is she that in the garden walks,
With two cherubic children by her side?

Her gait—her every air betokens rank!
Even she, perhaps, 'gainst whom I come to plead!
See! now she stoops to cull some fruit or flower,
To please them with. Do I not also come
To pluck her, as she doth that flower from where
It grows and blooms in peace and loveliness?
To make her wither as that simple flower?
Am I not like the enemy of God
And Man, when hovering o'er the residence
Of our then sinless parents with intent
To steal away their bliss and their obedience?
But we are subjects — kings must be obey'd —
Their service done — each whimsical behest,
At risk of making million bosoms bleed!
Oh! I have thought at times my own high rank
And station far less enviable than his —
The shepherd's, tending on the plain his sheep;
From wolves to guard the flock, his lightsome care.
Suspecting and suspected — watch'd and watching —
We have few friends, — and many thousand foes!
And yet, my heart was ever prone to be
The friend of Man, my fellow Man — abhorring
Oppression and oppressors, I have work'd
For such an end, and for my country's weal!

If I have err'd—'twas still on mercy's side!
 God knows! unwillingly I undertook
 My present task, and loathe its cruelty—
 To separate two hearts, and loving ones!
 Another had been fitter for such service —
 Albeit I must not shrink — retreat were fatal!

[*Horn sounds nearer.*

The horn sounds fuller, and the tramp of steeds
 Cannot be distant from the place I left.
 Belike it is the prince himself? He will
 Not thank me much for breaking on his sports!
 I will return, and speedily! [*He descends the mountain.*

Lop.

My lord!

The prince approaches. Shall I on before,
 To apprise his highness of your purposed visit?

Const. Stir not! the mountain paths are numerous
 And intricate — he comes!

Enter DON PEDRO, HUNTSMEN, &c.

My gracious prince!

D. Ped. Well met—my good Lord Constable,
 right welcome!

Coimbra has not seen thee many a day!
 Thou hast forgotten doubtless scenes like these —

Too simple for the statesman's loftier mind!
Say I not sooth, my lord?

Const. Not so, my prince!

Too many blissful moments here have past—
To be to memory lost! A hallow'd spot,
Coimbra is to me; its orange-groves—
The thick green boughs of yonder hazel wood—
Those vineyards, where the silver river glides,
Have oft conceal'd me from the vulgar eye;
And there by starlight I was wont to rove,
And watch pale Dian rising on the wave—
Nor was I there alone. A maid, whose bright
Similitude I have not since beheld,—
Was then the dear companion of my steps.
Our mutual vows were plighted there—believe
Me, tis a spot remembrance dearly loves
To dwell upon—although our passion proved
A luckless one,— and mostly so to me!
But, pardon me, my liege! I turn a pratler—
Unmindful of the duty that hath brought
Me *here*.

D. Ped. What! is my father then return'd?
His recent conquest reach'd my joyful ear.

Const. From Lisbon hath the king despatch'd
me here

On matters of great urgency and weight!
With leave—we will discourse in privacy.

D. Ped. Say on, Lord Constable! whate'er they be—
Even here I will receive them.

Const. *Here, my prince?*

D. Ped. The day is sultry,—and I would repose
Awhile; the quarry gave us merry sport.
I thank you, gentlemen! in one short hour
We will rejoin you at the quinta—till
Which time, farewell! Go you [*to Lopez.*] too,
and assure

The lady Inez of my quick return.

[*Exeunt Huntsmen, attendants, &c.*]

Deliver now!

Const. Your royal father bade
Me say, impatiently he waits to fold
You in his arms, and next—

D. Ped. You hesitate!

Const. 'Tis that I fear the sequel will not prove
As grateful as the preface. In few words—
The king would have your highness shortly wed—
Moreover, has selected you a bride.

D. Ped. Most true! the sequel is less grateful than
The preface. But, how call you this same bride?

Const. It is the lovely princess of Naverre.

D. Ped. What! She? the haughty sister of Castile!
Our new ally! I'll with you to the court.—
Howbeit, this marriage savours ill indeed!
The King's thoughts quickly change from war to love!

Const. The nobles and the nation—all approve
Your father's choice!

D. Ped. Yes—they approve his choice,
Not first requiring *mine*,—it most concerns!
Am I a cipher then? Must princely blood
Still wed for policy and it alone?
Hold no prerogative in *that* which most
Conduces to or 'gainst life's happiness?
Ay—thus 'tis with the miserably great!
The nation hath our heads—our careful rule!
Must it too have our hearts? I thought at least
The last were free to take or to reject
A woman's hand—a wife's!

Const. Some deference
Is due to public wishes—public voice!
Besides, report speaks largely in her praise:
A graceful person with accomplish'd mind.

D. Ped. All eyes see not alike, Lord Constable!
 Our opticks vary,— and an old man views
 With clouded vision! Thus, my father looks
 Unto the interests solely of the crown,—
 And were his choice unfavour'd, — yea, even so
 To loathsomeness, she would be qualified
 And wondrous fair to him! I'll speak no more;
 It makes me fretful, and I would not greet
 Uncourteously my honour'd visitor!
 Repair we to the quinta?

Const.

Willingly!

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

*Terrace before the quinta at Coimbra.**Enter DONNA INEZ and JOANNA, her attendant.*

Jan. Nay—sigh not thus, my lady! he will soon
 Return; his ardour in the chase, has made
 His highness overstep the custom'd hour.

[After listening attentively for awhile.]

D. In. No vain alarm disquieted, so long
 As I could hear his horn at intervals;
 But all is silent, — and the shades of eve

Are gathering fast. The hours appear to creep—
Dull—motionless! 'Tis an eternity
To those who watch and listen for the step
Of one beloved!—Oh! how this anxious heart
Doth tremble lest mischance should have befallen him.
The mountains' deep ravines have swallow'd many—
Moreover, fierce banditti do infest
Those heights — the terror of our peasantry!
As wild beasts' shun the day, but are abroad
By night O insupportable suspense!
I pray thee, send another messenger.

Joan. I hear the tramp of horses,—tis the prince!

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunt. His highness sent us forward to assure
The lady Inez of his quick return.

D. In. But friends! alone why tarries he behind?
I dread those solitary hills at dusk.

Hunt We left him, lady, in good company!
My Lord High Constable attends the prince—
Nor are they distant, and are free from peril.

D. In. [aside.] He journeys from the king! —
Alphonso back!

I know not why—but when I breathe *that name*,
Or hear it utter'd by another's lips,

A chill—a deathlike chill comes o'er my heart.—
And most unquiet thoughts invade my mind.
Albeit, in nothing have I wrong'd Alphonso,
Unless it be a crime to love his son,—
To love, as *He* that made us hath ordain'd!
Strange! the Lord Constable should leave the court,—
And when most needed—at the king's return!
Unfathomable mystery! I fear
To hearken thy interpretation—yet,
I must prepare myself to meet the worst!

SCENE IV.

A chamber in the quinta.

Enter DON PEDRO and DONNA INEZ.

D. Ped. Unwelcome invitation! though my sire's—
And more, my sovereign's!—would it were not so!

D. In. And I as much regret it must be so.
Would not to-morrow do for thy departure?
It is too sudden and too unprepared.

D. Ped. To-morrow if thou wilt—another day—
Another month! nay, love, I will not go;
But send immediate word I am not well.

D. In. If there be truth or honesty in dreams,
I'd stay thee still! yet should'st thou disobey,

The sure displeasure of the king ensues,
 And points out me the cause of your offence.
 Go, therefore,—and in Heaven reliance place!
 In Him, whose arm the unprotected shields,
 Confide the safety of thy wife and babes!

D. Ped. This dream, my Inez, is of recent date?

D. In. Last night it was—yet day and busy life
 In nothing have obliterated things—
 Unreal, real images I saw—
 For palpable they seem'd, although in sleep—
 Mysteriously rehearsing near events,
 So pregnant with misfortune to us both,
 My very tongue is petrified—my lips
 Refuse disclosure—

[*She pauses.*

D. Ped. Do not make my ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts; recount this dream.

D. In. Alone, methought, I rambled through
 our garden,

And as I pass'd before a laurel-tree,
 On either side of which two younger plants
 Contiguous grew—by mighty winds impell'd,
 A sudden flame of fire fell on the tree—
 The parent tree, and kindled it—the flames
 Soon spread—with crackling sound it was consumed.

And naught but blacken'd ashes strew'd the earth
Where it had flourish'd green and full of life!
Unharm'd the young plants still remain'd: I woke,
And thought upon our children and myself.

D. Ped. To mere illusions of a sleeping brain.
Attach not, Inez, such terrific meaning!

D. In. Oh! but I slept again, and dream'd again.
More terrible and deadly omens rose!

A milkwhite doe and her two fawns were chased
By bloodhounds whom the voice and whip of one
Did urge on, as they slacken'd in their speed;
At last, the bloodhounds gain'd upon the doe,
Arrested by her helpless young—for they
Sank down o'erwearied: then, methought, I saw
Them tear her vitals forth, and feed on them!
In agonies she died,— and all the while
The hunter stood and gloated o'er their meal!
I look'd into his phantom-face—the smile—
The ghastly smile which lit it was infernal!
I gazed and gazed upon it—till it grew
So like your father's,—that I shriek'd aloud!—
Even now, awake, the picture haunts me still!—
Connecting so the fate of that poor doe
With mine—I shudder, and in vain attempt

To shake it off! — 'Tis strange — *thou* must away,—
And *we* remain!

D. Ped. Enough! I will not stir.

Wealth—power—all shrinks to insignificance
Compared with thy affection! I will write
My father, sickness hath forestall'd his will,—
And yet my letter shall abound with strain
Congratulative and all filial duty.

D. In. Nay, thou must go! believe me, thy excuse
Will but the more enrage the king 'gainst one
Already hateful in his sight; for she
He'll say, controls each movement of the prince;
And tongues, thou know'st, lack not at court, to echo
And sanction what he may imagine—hands
To execute whate'er he would have done!

D. Ped. Most true—the king has counsellors, not
friends;

Chamelions, courtiers, panders of his lusts,—
The agents of all evil and the bane
Of good. He that hath led in many battles,
Is govern'd by the meanest of the mean:
Men fit for nothing save to crawl like reptiles,
And cast their venom upon nobler things!

D. In. And knowing this—cannot the son instil

Such wholesome truths into his father's mind,
And liberate him from these minions' thrall?

D. Ped. It may be—though, 'tis hard for sons to
school

Their fathers — when in dotage, harder still!

The prejudices of old men do stick
To them as cleaves the sea-shell to its rock,
Which you may break before you separate.

Yet I despair not, and will once again
Make trial! It were greatly to be wish'd!
And thou shalt with me—yes, my Inez, *thou*!

D. In. I with thee? gladly, yes—yes, anywhere—
To deserts or the haunts of savages—
Oh! anywhere but where your father is.
'Twould be to trust the sheep unto the wolf:
How would he brook the tidings of our marriage?

D. Ped. But ill?—Thou reasonest right! abide
thou here;
Nor dread that aught shall wean thee from my heart!
All sublunary objects—Heaven itself
Methinks, without thee, would be misery!
My wishes—hopes—all centre in thy love!
Both present and hereafter are intwined

With thee! the closing of existence will
Not end our love, can death prolong it still!

[*Embracing her.*

D. In. I ne'er an instant doubted of thy love!
But 'tis a cruel world in which we live!
Where enmity seeks ever to ingraft
Itself upon the tree of wedded love.
Oh! what a fund of bliss the first-created
Must have enjoy'd in primal innocence!
All they beheld, but tended to augment,
Not lessen their affection, — and where'er
They trod, the earth but yielded thornless flowers!
Alas! the thorns and briars since have sprung up:
Curst Jealousy and discontented thought!

D. Ped. And Interest—that downfal of affection!
Yet trust me, dearest! I am arm'd and proof
'Gainst subtle argument; nor words, nor threats,
Nor punishment shall e'er estrange my love!

D. In. To *One* whose power exceeds an earthly
king's,—

To *Him* I lift my prayers—*He* can protect!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Audience chamber in the king's palace at Lisbon.

Enter KING ALPHONSO and DONNA BIANCA.

D. Bian. I plainly see, his highness loves me not.

K. Alp. I do entreat your patience, gentle lady!

Once more I will essay — as yet we have
Not spoke in person, using but the tongues
Of other men; the prince mistrusts their speech,
Or holds it rather as some state intrigue,
Than our especial will, — and therefore 'tis,
We have required his presence now at court.
We hourly may expect him: gentle measures,
Fair promises we purpose to expend —
But should these fail, coercive means must bow
The stubborn neck of youth and teach submission!
He knows his father swerves not from his aim,—
And therefore, wisely will obey!

D. Bian. And yet —

I question much your majesty's success!
Though mild, he still is firm of character!
In all such matters, gentlest hearts take fire:
Howbeit, Heaven prosper your intention!

K. Alp. (*a blast of trumpets is heard.*) Hark !
I hear the trumpets — 'tis the prince arrived.

Enter DON PEDRO; he embraces his father.

D. Ped. My royal father ! welcome from the wars !

[*Observing DONNA BIANCA.*

I crave your pardon, lady ! in my joy
To see my father, I had overlook'd
Such honour'd presence !

D. Bian. It is granted, prince !

Politeness ever must give way to duty.

[*With evident embarrassment.*

Your highnesses will pardon me awhile. [*Exit BIANCA.*

K. Alp. You travel quickly !

D. Ped. Urgent was the call, —

And readily have I obey'd it.

K. Alp. Yes —

Most rigidly exact, I grant. It was
Thy habit always to be first at Council,
When aught of moment was to be discuss'd :
In weightier matters punctual to the letter —
In pleasure oft a truant — still thy chamber
Preferring to the joyful festive board.
Such is thy humour, and must be indulged !

D. Ped. My bent lies not that way. Oh ! I could dwell
 In woods and listen to the babbling brook
 And sweetest minstrelsey of birds, or mark
 The various flowers each several season brings !
 Trust me — the longest life has ne'er exhausted
 The book of Nature: food it doth contain
 For contemplation, wonder, without end !

K. Alp. All this is well—the world has interest too !
 Its stirring scenes of industry and war
 Demand attention—chiefly so a prince's !
 And to this end we have required thy presence.
 My son, thou art arrived at man's estate;
 Thy country looks to thee, whom God alone
 Has granted, to succeed me on the throne.
 Our arms have carried conquest every where;
 Whereto this new alliance with Castile
 Hath much contributed: to pay which debt,
 We have already pledged our kingly word,
 That thou shalt wed the daughter of Castile !

D. Ped. (*with deeply wounded feelings.*)
 My father pledged his word for *my* consent ?

K. Alp. 'Twas in the battle-field — thus doubly
 sacred !

I gave a *soldier's* and a *monarch's* word !

Had it been otherwise, perhaps we might
Consider— as it is, no choice remains.

D. Ped. Yet surely *my* consent was requisite
To seal the compact—still without it void.

K. Alp. Castile is now our friend—our firm ally—
How long so must depend,—and certain, if
We violate our promise, not an hour!
Thy father's honour is at stake—comply!

D. Ped. Accursed policy! that plays its game
And tampers with the heart's affections—makes
Its victims drag out life from day to day,
And feel the weight of chains—be link'd to one
We do not love, yet must dissemble love:
I cannot, father! come what will, consent.

K. Alp. Rash boy! then dread the worst! Bethink
thee yet!
On thy resolve, remember, hangs thy fate—
And *her's* too—therefore pause, and ponder well!
Thy written answer we expect to-morrow.

D. Ped. Nay—take it then to-day; I cannot wed!
Oh! hadst thou, monarch, earlier hinted this,
Before thy fatal promise, thou hadst spared
Thyself and me—much misery to both!

But wherefore longer hesitate? the blow
Must fall—the lady Inez is my wife!

K. Alp. (*with astonishment.*)

Recall thy words! 'tis false! thou daredst not—no!
For once, I cannot credit thy own speech.
Inez!—*she* mingle with Alphonso's blood?

D. Ped. [*kneeling before the KING, who stands with averted countenance and about to go.*

Oh, hear me, father! prostrate, on my knees
Implore I pardon for myself and her!
Did'st thou but know the virtues of her soul—
Maternal tenderness—oh, half her worth!
Thou would'st relent—I feel thou wouldest,—and seek
To set aside this hasty resolution.

K. Alp. We thought this Inez was thy paramour;
As such, she was indifferent in our sight.
If it be so—more serious measures must
Be ta'en—tis time to march with hastier strides!
Farewell, Don Pedro! *your* neglect of duty,
Reminds me but of *mine!*—You have your orders!

(*to COELHO and the guard who appear; as the KING retires, the PRINCE is led off in an opposite direction as state prisoner.*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Interior of a prison.

DON PEDRO, sitting before a table in a pensive attitude.

D. Ped. A king's son—nay, the treatment is too vile!

'Twould banish inclination in the best

Of men, and gender hatred in the heart!

O God! let me, in anger, not forget

He is my sire; old age is weak and peevish.

'Tis not the loss of freedom which doth gall

And madden me, but that my Inez is

Far distant and defenceless—bound the hands

Which should protect—that would have braved a world

For her! Yes, tyrant! thou hast work'd thy will!

Enter GAOLER.

Gao. A monk doth crave admittance.

D. Ped.

Let him come—

Belike, he is the harbinger of good.

[*The GAOLER goes, and returns with the MONK.*

Hail, holy father! for a monarch's son,

A scanty audience chamber is provided,

And meager in its furniture.

Monk. (*Looking about him.*) But scant

Indeed, my son! The palace or the prison—

We offer consolation everywhere!

And such is now the purport of my visit.

D. Ped. (to the Gaoler.)

Leave us, good gaoler! since this holy man
Would have it so.

Goa. I pray your highness make
Brief conference; my orders are explicit—
None enters here unsanction'd by the Council.

Monk. Free access is our calling's privilege!
Nor bolts nor bars exclude Religion's step!

Gao. Well, well! I would not willingly refuse.
Do but be brief—for should the Council send,
My office and my life will pay the fault. [*Exit Gaoler.*]

Monk. [Advancing towards the Prince.]
Beneath this cowl is Julian hid.

D. Ped. How! Julian!—
Oh, speak! how fares it with my wife and children?
What message doth she send? what says my love?

Jul. But little—sorrow hath usurp'd all speech;
She hung still o'er her children, wrung her hands,
Imploring aid of Heaven! and bade me straight
To Lisbon—bade me seek you out.—Alas!
I fear the shock has proved too strong for reason—
For once she laugh'd out, yet it was not mirth,
But mockery of joy,—and then she fell
To weeping and reproach; your father's name

Oft murmuring — and as oft her fit returned,
 And she would restless roam from room to room,
 As seeking some one — *but* your presence can
 Call back her scatter'd senses — whisper peace
 Unto her heavy heart! The time is precious —
 Become the monk, and let me play the captive!
 Fly quickly, my good lord! a horse awaits
 Without the city's walls — before the guard
 Discover fraud, you will be far from hence!

*D. Ped.**[After a little reflection.]*

Oh! could I — but it must not — cannot be!
 My father will relent; should I escape,
 His wrath would follow us, and every gate
 To mercy would be closed for ever! No —
 Men shall not say, the heir unto the throne
 Of Portugal could fly to screen his head!
 Perhaps, even while we speak, the Council plan
 My liberation — go — say what thou wilt,
 Good Julian! comfort — not depress my Inez!
 Make light of my condition, and affirm
 That I am full of confidence and hope,
 And soon await a favourable change.

Jul. I go reluctantly, but must obey.

D. Ped. Fail not to urge her flight beyond the
frontier;

The safety of my wife and children once
Effectued—come what may, I am prepared!

Jul. Farewell, most gracious prince! all shall
be done

That my poor services may well perform.

[*Exit JULIAN.*

D. Ped. I'll lay me down—o'erwearied nature asks
Her tribute—rest! Since first I enter'd here,
I have not closed mine eyes, and fever's heat
Doth parch my lips—what, ho! good gaoler, give
Me drink—I thirst!

Re-enter GAOLER.

Wine have I brought, my liege!

D. Ped. Pure water—water is my choice. There is
Too much of fire already in my veins!

[*The GAOLER goes and returns with water,
which he presents to the Prince, who drinks.*

The draught is worth a world to thirsty lips!
Thanks, gaoler! drowsiness creeps over me;
An hour's repose will strengthen and refresh.

[*He lies down*
Gao. He sleeps, and smiles — his thoughts are
far away!

Alas! that he must waken to disturb
The sweet illusions that now rock his brain!

[*The GAOLER goes, but shortly returns; DON PEDRO wakes and confusedly looks about him.*

D. Ped. Where am I? oh, tis you! (*seeing the Gaoler.*)
these massy walls!

Gao. Your highness has long slept! you seem
refresh'd!

D. Ped. I am most so. I had celestial dreams!
Old times came back; I was the reckless youth
Again, a roving hunter of the woods:
Then came my Inez, beautiful as once—
The sunshine of my life past o'er again—
I saw the hills, (their poppies and blue-bells
I saw—the breeze was stirring them as then—)
I scrambled up their sides to gather flowers,
Or leapt the brooklet for some water-lily—
The cypresses rose darkly as before:
Ah! those were joyous days!—tis strange enough—
In sorrow, brightest moments oft return,
As stars in night, they shine through memory's waste—
(A dreary track between the past and present,)
But leave it dark—the distance is so vast!

Gao.

[A knocking is heard.]

Who knocks? the hour is late for visitors.

[Exit GAOLER.]

*Enter LORD HIGH CONSTABLE.**Const.* My prince!*D. Ped.* My sovereign's friend and mine—
the friend

Of all mankind! Oh, never did I need
 Thy friendship and thy counsel more than *now*!
 So sad a change is wrought, that I must envy
 The poorest vassal in my father's realm.
 Yes, had I been aught else save what I am,
 This sore reverse, these insults had been spared me!
 Again—again I curse my high estate!

Const. The tears which trickle down my aged cheeks,
 Bear witness to the grief I feel for thee:
 Would I had never lived to see the day!

D. Ped. Had it been death or banishment, I think
 I could have borne it—but, captivity!
 The glorious day shut out—all intercourse
 With man denied—a *father's* sentence too!
 Say, how can I atone? oh, teach me how!

Const. Alas! what answer shall I make? I come
 To tender terms of pardon and release—

Yet feel my heart at variance with my duty;
 The first is yours—the last, it is the State's!
 Hear! what the Council and the king decree:
Your marriage with the lady Inez null!
 They further ask your signature to *this*.

[*Giving him a paper to read.*

D. Ped. When I received her virgin hand and troth
 Before the altar of my God—I swore,
 Through all vicissitudes of life—its sweet
 And bitter hours—fidelity eternal!
 While in prosperity I never swerved
 In my affection—in misfortune's day,
 He is a coward that abjures his vow!
 Methinks, I love her more, since men do hate her!
 Forsake her,—and bequeath unto my offspring
 The name of bastard—*this* is ask'd of me?
 Sign this—no, never!

[*Returning the paper.*

Const. 'Tis even as I thought.

All that my office and my years allow,
 Have I already urged to qualify
 Your union with the lady Inez—but
 As fruitlessly; inflexible and stern
 The answers of the king; „necessity,“

He said, „bent all things! that it was his will—
 „Approved of by the Council and the nation—
 „You wed the princess of Naverre; his honour,
 „Yours and the general interest were concern'd.“

D. Ped. Lives not the prince Fernando? let him reign!
 A golden sceptre, purchased at the price
 The king demands, would be too dearly bought—
 At least for me! and were it fifty kingdoms,
 In place of one—it would not shake my faith!

Const. Farewell, my gracious prince! Doubt not
 my zeal
 In your behalf! Albeit, against the storm
 The ablest seaman's skill miscarries oft—
 His vessel perishes upon the rocks!—
 A HIGHER POWER disposes of events!

D. Ped. To HIS tribunal do I make appeal!

SCENE III.

A chamber in the quinta of Don Pedro at Coimbra.

Time, twilight.

Enter DONNA INEZ, JULIAN and JOANNA.

D. In. Nay—tarry not, good Julian! but begone!
 The prince, in durance, needs all friends about him.

I pray thee, go! and as thou lov'st thy lord,
 Use all dispatch! Tell him his latest wish
 Shall be fulfill'd; in three days I will quit
 Coimbra. Once upon Castilian ground,
 We are secure—beyond the tyrant's power!

Jul. I humbly take my leave. Ill-starr'd the steed
 That bears me! Julian will not spare or whip
 Or spur 'till Lisbon's walls are fairly won!

[*Exit JULIAN.*

D. In. It sorely grieves me, that I cannot share
 His prison's solitude. Unhappy Inez!
 Irresolute I stand 'twixt love and duty;
 Love for my lord doth whisper me to stay,
 While duty towards my offspring urges flight!
 Poor Julian's bosom bleeds for our misfortunes!
 Oh! it is sweet and softens sorrow's sting,
 To view around us sympathizing souls!
 Joanna, leave me not—I feel a strong
 Presentiment of some approaching evil!
 I dream'd last night I was no longer *here*—
 But in another and a better world!

Joan. Brood not, dear lady, over past events,
 But look with hope still towards the future! all

May yet be well! the king will surely relent,
As soon as he shall hear of your departure.

D. In.

[*Mournfully.*

Thou dost not know these lofty men! they look
For homage and submission from mankind,
And should or check or hindrance rise, to question
Or limit their authority and will—
However just—however sacred be
The cause—let their antagonist beware!
Not more destructive is the Simoom's breath
To the green pasture, or the hurricane
Unto the mariner far out at sea,
Than royal indignation, if aroused!
By secret dagger—poison—any means,
They work out vengeance and but seldom fail!
Alphonso plans my death—no less his aim!
Thus every hope cut off—the prince a captive—
What arm can shield my children from his wrath?
Joan. The arm of angels guards the innocent!
D. In. It will—but look! did not the arras move
In yonder dusky corner of the chamber?
And hark! what heavy noise is that I hear?
Tumultuous din of voices from without!

'Tis most unusual in these quiet walls!

Go quick, and learn the cause.

[Exit JOANNA; while DONNA INEZ is listening with attention, JOANNA and other servants rush in distractedly.

Joan. Fly—fly—my lady!

All is within in uproar and confusion—

The courtyard and the hall are fill'd with strangers—

For you they ask!

D. In. Alas! which way shall I escape?

Joan. This way—

The window leads—

Enter KING, COELHO, GONSALVES and armed attendants.

K. Alp. No further than you are!

[To the armed attendants.

Let them be strongly guarded with the rest!

[All the attendants of DONNA INEZ are forcibly removed.

D. In. Beseems it majesty thus unprepared

To rush upon a lady's privacy?

Thus like mask'd revellers to enter here,

Regardless of all decency and shame?

I took your highness for a knight,—and knights

Excuse not lack of courtesy in others—

Far less do they commit such breach themselves.

K. Alp. Nay, Inez! moderate thy speech; I come
Not to be chidden: knighthood's badge, a king
May wave at pleasure. Thou hast doubtless heard
Of late events at court—my son's detention?

D. In. Thy son!—with fetters fathers burden not
Their children; 'tis a malefactor's doom!

K. Alp. Audacious spirits must be curb'd betimes.
Rebellion is a hydra which, unless
We strangle at its birth, doth grow apace
And wax too mighty oftentimes for us.
'Tis most unpardonable—least of all
In a king's son: to govern others well
The prince himself must learn obedience first!

D. In. Rebellion his offence? against his king?

K. Alp. Thou art the cause!

D. In. How I the cause! What crime
Against the state or thee have I committed?
Wherein have I offended? prove and punish!

K. Alp. Thy union with the prince.

D. In. Is that a crime?

K. Alp. A heinous violation of the laws!
Death to a parent's and a nation's hopes!

D. In. Has Nature fortified the heart against Love?

K. Alp. Kings' issue, Inez, wed but with their equals!

D. In. The blood that flows within these veins is royal;
I am descended from Castilia's throne.

True—secret was our marriage; why—thou know'st!

Thine all insatiable ambition left

No choice—what hope had we of thy consent?

Thou couldst bequeath power, wealth—not happiness!

For *that* thy son already did possess.

Yes, we were happy, till this present hour!

Our holy church has ratified the marriage;

Wilt thou unlink whom God himself hath join'd?

K. Alp. Such separation can but save thy life.

D. In. Will royalty turn common murderer?

Will knighthood soil its whiteness with the blood

Of Innocence? You dare not use the sword

Which you have bravely wielded 'gainst the Moor,

For such dishonourable purposes!

A worthy enterprize for thee—a warriour!

To bathe his hands in female gore!—You dare not!

Should you but shed one drop of woman's blood,

'Twill tarnish all the laurels you have earn'd

And stamp opprobrium on your name for ever!

K. Alp. No eloquence nor argument can stay

My purpose—nothing—save you sign this deed

Which renders null your union with my son.
Do this—then seek another home, and live!

D. In. Oh! life is precious—precious in our youth;
But weigh'd 'gainst honour and affection—nothing!
And yet, a mother's fondness for her children
So strong within her bosom is implanted,
That for them all privations she will bear!
But no—it cannot be—the hand of scorn
Will point to us—to *her* that could consent
To call down bastardy upon her offspring!

K. Alp. Yes—think upon thine offspring, and
renounce
Such foolish claim—he never shall be *thine*!
In calm retirement with thy children thou
May'st live yet many years.

Coel. A single pen-stroke
Will purchase life and liberty at once!
And you can hesitate? 'Tis very mercy!

D. In. Inhuman monster! proudly I repeat—
Don Pedro, king Alphonso's son, is mine—
By every claim is mine!

Coel. Such claim is past.
D. In. I marvel much a monarch deigns to parley
With any thing so base! a noble thou?

Forsooth nobility is sadly fallen,
 When bad men thus may venture in its robes
 To walk abroad—and that *so near* the throne!

Coel. Her tongue doth beat quick time—abusive
 words!

K. Alp. Chide not, Coelho—'tis her sex's right!
 Chide not! (*aside.*) her hour-glass has few grainstorun!

D. In. Must I hear insult upon insult heap'd?

K. Alp. I came not *here* to censure, but to punish!
 We trifle! Make thy peace with Heaven, and briefly!

D. In. May I not *once* behold my children? they
 Their parent for the *last time*?

K. Alp. It would be
 To throw another drop into the cup,
 With bitterness already overflowing;
 'Twould but prolong thy sufferings. Expedition
 At such a time is wise and merciful!
 Address thyself to Heaven!

D. In. Prate you of mercy?
 Oh! can you utter such a word, or place
 It in alliance with such deed—nor tremble?
 Mercy! it is the attribute of kings!
 Is not Alphonso Portugal's? and where
 Is mercy then?

K. Alp. Had I a hundred sons,
 All would I offer for their country's weal!
 Thy death alone can satisfy the nation.

Gon. (*to DONNAINEZ, upon the King's giving a sign.*)
 'Tis meet you go with us!

K. Alp. (*aside.*) How beautiful
 She is! I must not gaze upon her, else
 My resolution will dissolve in pity!
 Already do I feel compunction's smart!

[*To COELHO and GONSALVES.*
 Away with her!—be expeditious,—and
 Be sure!

Coel. Fear not, my sovereign!

D. In. O my children!
 My husband! — Monarch! man! if thou hast known
 A parent's fondness, oh, be merciful!

[*Falling upon her knees.*

K. Alp. Then sign *the deed!*

D. In. (*rising.*) Never!

K. Alp. (*to COELHO and GONSALVES*) Away with her!

Coel. This obstinacy but inflames the king!
 You must with us! Gonsalves, take her hand.

K. Alp. Away with her! you hear me? then obey!

[DONNA INEZ is forcibly removed by COELHO
and GONSALVES; her cries are still heard,
imploring the King's mercy.

K. Alp. They are about is now — she struggles
hard —

Her shrieks are scourges in my ears! O God!
That was a fearful cry! — all now is still —
All save a voice within which louder calls!
I do repent me — what — she is not dead —
I'll call them — ho! Gonsalves — spare! Coelho!

[Hastening towards the door, as GONSALVES
and COELHO re-appear.

Gon. 'Tis done!

K. Alp. Would it were yet to do!

Coel. Why so?

My liege was ever resolute and firm;
In all unshaken which his mighty mind
Conceived! The soldier careless and unmoved
Views blood in warfare, and must shed it too.

K. Alp. Yes, in the battle-plain, the hot affray —
Not *thus*, in cold, premeditated act!
He draws the sword against his Country's foes —
Not innocence and unoffending life!
I would she were before me now — once more

Imploring mercy—not the voice of millions
Again should tempt me to th'accursed deed!

Coel. You ponder far too deeply—

K. Alp. Miscreant—peace!

To horse! this moment let us quit the spot,
For it is holy ground! a martyr's blood
Upon the threshold lies—so black a stain—
Not all the glory of my conquests can
Atone for it—can wash away the blot!
I wilfully have thrown away a gem
Invaluable—the lustre of my crown!
What sorcerer entrapp'd my better will?
What fiend incarnate did possess my mind?—
My brain grows dizzy with the horrid past!
My very blood runs ice within my veins!
O fool! O fool!—make haste—to horse! to horse!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Interior of a prison.

DON PEDRO and the GAOLER.

Gao. My prince! this moment have the Council sent
An order for your liberation—here
It is! [Presenting the order.

D. Ped. The king relents; and I am free.
 What has transpired to work out such a change?
 I should rejoice at it, and yet am sad—
 Sad even to tears!—And now I do reflect,
 It is the hour when Julian should return.

[*A knocking is heard without.*

Gao. A summons at the outer gate! Belike
 'Tis he. [*Exit Gaoler.*

D. Ped. This man has more humanity
 Than such an occupation promises;
 His bearing's blunt, but he is kind of heart.

[*Enter JULIAN dejected and pale; he stands
 at the entrance, as doubtful whether or
 not to approach his master.*

Well, Julian! speak! how is your mistress? What
 Her message? Weeps she much? Is she prepared
 To leave Coimbra? why—you answer not!
 Speak, man!—art dumb? Ha! he is deadly pale
 I see—the tears roll down his cheeks—perhaps
 She is not well—my absence 'tis—I fear'd
 As much—keep me no longer in suspense!
 O heavens! a horrible, most horrible
 Surmise, like lightning flashes through my brain!

Oh, speak! good Julian! say it is not so!—
 A single word— a breath—he still is silent—
 O God! 'tis worse than sickness—she is———

[JULIAN gives a slight inclination of the head;
the Prince staggers and sinks into a chair.

Dead! dead!—what voice did echo forth my words?
 And murder'd—by the injunction of my———
 Accurst the eyes that look'd upon the deed!
 Accurst the heart that could imagine it!
 And tenfold curst the hand could execute it!
 O God! sustain my senses for a space;--
 Conduct me to the guilty—*me* alone
 Appoint the minister of thy just anger!—
 Oh! she was innocent and unoffending!
 Most cruel, cruel father!—such an angel!—
 My children too———

Jul. They live, my prince!

D. Ped. To curse

Their grandfather in after years! they live,
 It may be, to become the instruments
 Of vengeance—to redress their mother's wrongs!

[*Rising.*

They said that I was free! If so, provide
 Me horses, Julian! and without delay.

Jul. My lord! the horses are in readiness.

D. Ped. (*to the Gaoler, giving him a purse.*)

Take this—and now conduct me to the postern—

Dead!—it is false—I'll not believe it 'till

These eyes have first heheld her—'tis a trick

To render liberty less welcome—no—

I'll not believe it!—Julian, let us hence!

Jul. This way, my prince!

D. Ped. (*in going, turns to the Gaoler.*)

The captive seldom quits

His prison walls with such a heavy heart! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

S C E N E I.

Audience-chamber in the royal palace at Lisbon.

Enter KING ALPHONSO and DONNA BIANCA.

K. Alp. Dear lady! why so sad? The prince will soon
Be won.

D. Bia. Your majesty mistakes the prince;
His love for Donna Inez renders thoughts
Of other women strangers to his breast.

K. Alp. But, princess! if this hindrance were removed?

D. Bia. The step would not conciliate—'tis too harsh!

K. Alp. Strong maladies demand strong remedies;
But we are spared in that—thy rival's dead!

D. Bia (*with astonishment, and mournfully.*)
By what ill-fortune died she? Oh! it may be
The knowledge of the king's displeasure, or
The durance peradventure of her lord,
Had prey'd too much upon her mind?

K. Alp. Come, come!

We will not trifle with you or the truth:
By *our* injunction 'twas she died!

D. Bia. (*horrore-stricken.*) O heavens!
By yours—by your injunction? From your lips
I hear it, or I boldly would declare
Before the world 'twere false!—By your command,
O king!—then are my evil divinations
But faithfully fulfill'd! Alas! poor Inez!

K. Alp. You pity, princess! where you should
rejoice.

Though harsh, her death was indispensable:
Don Pedro's hand would never have been yours
Without it.

D. Bia. Horrible necessity!—
The prince's hand is forfeited for ever!

The princess of Naverre will never stand
 Before the altar of her God, with blood
 Upon her hands—*with blood upon her hands*—
 Yea, I repeat it! for, however I
 Be guiltless of her death—the primal cause
 I am—did'st thou not say, 'twas done for *me*?
 Oh! had I ne'er set foot in Portugal!
 Most rank is your offence—a mother too!

K. Alp. (*with strong emotion.*)

Yes, yes! I feel it—'tis a burning coal
 For ever scorching up my soul—for ever!
 Whene'er I lay me down to rest, red hands
 Do seem to draw the curtains 'round my bed,
 And unsubstantial visitants affright
 Me from my slumbers! I would fling away
 The dull tiara and exchange my lot
 With beggars—ay—do any thing for peace!

D. Bia. Unhappy monarch! give thy prayers
 to Heaven!

Thy crime, men cannot punish—God alone
 Forgive!—Farewell! for *me*, this is no place!

[*Exit BIANCA.*

KING (*solus*).

So have I reap'd the harvest of my hopes?

Such is their recompence, and such their fate
Who follow not the dictates of their hearts,—
But make the feelings and the thoughts of others
Their standard, guide and principle of action.
Alas! I lent a too indulgent ear;
Bad counsel hath immitter'd all my days!
What have I profited at last? I stand
But where I stood?—O hollow, mad ambition!
Degraded in my own, and in the minds
Of honest men! The load of misery
Has fall'n upon myself—on those I love!
Into what error do we sink who once
Have set our feet on false Ambition's ladder!
Our ardour to attain our wishes blinds us;
We overlook the means by which we mount!

[*Mournfully.*

A gloomy, deep abyss doth yawn between
Me and my former life—th'abyss of crime!
I am no boaster of my feats, yet might
With pride look back to some my arms achiev'd;
They now will be forgotten—and instead
Of trophies and green laurels on my grave—
The curses of posterity be heap'd! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Interior of the Chapel of DON PEDRO's quinta at Coimbra. A Catafalque is seen, on which the body of INEZ DE CASTRO rests. It is decorated with flowers, and a silver lamp burns over the centre.. Time, midnight.

Enter DON PEDRO.

To me this hour of midnight best it suited—
The darkness most congenial!—Gorgeous day
But shows me those I cannot love! I loathe
Too all life's stale and motley scenes, which yield
Us merely transitory pleasure—given
And snatch'd away in quick succession—gone
Before 'tis felt—bewildering but the brain! —
How beautiful is night! The mournful song
Of Autumn's winds I hear! The harvest-moon
And stars are shining through the lofty windows—
Diffusing o'er the chancel and the altar
A soft and melancholy light! More distant—
Like solemn spectres of some ancient tale,
The columns dim and indistinct appear! —
In gloom, scarce broken by the feeble rays
Of yonder lamp—she sleeps the sleep of Death!
The malice of an envious world no more

Disturbs her deep repose! she dreams of Heaven,—
And wanders amid angels—one of them!

[*He approaches the catafalch.*

Let me again behold the face I love!
Her brow is marble, but her lips do wear
The same sweet smile they did at parting!
A smile—not all their daggers could efface!
She still is lovely in decay! how like
A rose beheaded in the early bud,
To put into the hair or play withal!—*)

[*Gazing around him.*

My sorrow brooks no fellowship—I must
Be lonely in it! mine alone she is—
For me alone she lived—for me she died!

[*After a considerable pause.*

Oh! had the queen my sainted mother lived
To witness this inhuman work of thine
My sire—she had not long survived the deed!
My mother was the soul of honour! had
My mother lived—it may be, she had screen'd
This flower and saved it from untimely blight!

*) This thought, or one very similar, occurs in Camoens.

My Inez! my beloved! thy days were pure
And innocent! In peace and quiet *here*
We dwelt, in these secluded, rural scenes—
Indifferent to the busy world—we lived
But for each other—for our offspring lived!
Had I been born a peasant, I had still
Possess'd thee, undisturb'd by mortal envy!
Ah! happy privilege in humbler life!
But born a prince, such blessing is denied me!
O men or demons!—for ye are the last—
As still more ready to do ill than good—
Beware, since you have roused me! From this hour
I fling away all gentleness of nature—
You shall be ruled but with an iron sceptre!
For *that* which you shall find me, thank yourselves!

[*Kneeling; after a pause.*

Some men there are believe, that after death,
The spirit for a certain space unseen
Still hovers round its tenement of clay:—
If such indeed be true,—and not the child
Of human ingenuity or dread—
Blest manes, hear! oh, hear me swear to wreak
A full revenge upon thy murderers!

Nor to assume the imperial robe, nor mount
The throne, until this vow be first fulfill'd! [Exit.

SCENE III.

The sepulchre of INEZ DE CASTRO. DON PEDRO is discovered kneeling before it.

D. Ped. Five heavy months it is, since first the earth
Received my Inez in its cold embrace!
Five tedious months—for every day appears
As though it never would be ended—dull
And monotonous existence! a mere chaos!
When will the day of retribution dawn?
Not so the stranded wretch doth yearn to view
Again his distant native land, as I
Impatiently await the hour of vengeance!
'Tis my sole thought, and aim, and occupation!

[Footsteps are heard in the Chapel.

I hear strange footsteps!—Who will dare disturb
Me thus employ'd?

Enter JULIAN.

Jul. With breathless speed I come!
My Lord High Constable is just arrived,—
And begs to be admitted to your highness!

D. Ped. Conduct him here! (*exit Julian.*) What may
this haste import?

Enter LORD HIGH CONSTABLE.

What tidings of my father—is he sick?

Const. To say 'twere sickness would be joyful
news—

Your royal father's dead!

D. Ped. Oh! when and how?

Const. An hour before I left the capital,
The king had closed his eyes upon the world;
Far less old age, than grief, brought on his death!

D. Ped. But—died he penitent?

Const. Most so! you were
His latest thought—of you alone he spake—
The wrongs which he had done to you and yours!
And once he took my hand, and weeping said:
„*A single act*, of seventy years of life,
„*Hath sullied all the rest,—and that, alas!*“
The tears fast pouring down his aged cheeks,
„*Against my child!*“—And then he wrung his hands,
And heap'd most keen reproaches on himself!

D. Ped. [*The PRINCE is greatly affected.*
May God have mercy on thy soul, my father—

As I do freely pardon thee ! The tongues
 Of false advisers wrought on thee — corrupting
 The current of thy blood by foul reports —
 Thy confidence betray'd — abused thy favour !

[*Mournfully.*

I would have seen my father ere he died !

Const. His end was sudden ! Strictly he forbade
 Us to inform your highness of his sickness .

D. Ped.

[*After meditating awhile,*
turns suddenly.

We will to Lisbon ! memorable shall
 The first act of our reign be — handed down
 To future generations — long remember'd !

I heard, Coelho and Gonsalves fled
 The court soon after their atrocious deed ; —
 We must discover *where* they lie conceal'd !

Const. 'Tis known already — in the Moorish
 states

They found asylum !

D. Ped. Use I pray dispatch !
 Send emissaries to demand them — all
 Their prisoners shall be tender'd in exchange ;
 We must regain them — cost us what it will !

Const. The project cannot fail, my liege! the terms
Are good,—and gladly will the Moor consent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Cathedral at Lisbon. A throne elevated on an estrade and ascended by steps; it is entirely covered with crimson cloth, with a curtain of the same colour before it. Halberdiers encircle the throne, but open out on either side on the king's entry. The nobles of the land are seated on both sides of the stage.

Enter ARCHBISHOP and LORD HIGH CONSTABLE.

Archb. Good reason have we all, my noble peers!
Jointly to mourn our sovereign's changed de-
meanour!—

Yes—he is greatly changed of late! the loss
Of her he valued, as in duty bound,
Next to his God, above all earthly things—
Has sorely prey'd upon his royal mind,
And ta'en the edge off this else jocund season!

Const. It was a most irreparable loss
 To him—to us no less, my noble lords!
 She was so full of charity—endow'd
 With every noble virtue of her sex—
 The land might covet such a queen!

A Noble.

'Tis said,

By such as have approach'd the king to-day,
 The royal countenance is clothed in smiles.

Archb. All conquering Time! in pity has at length
 Set limits to the grief of our loved sovereign.

Const. The favourable change has been remark'd
 But since the tidings first arrived at court,
 That Donna Inez' murderers had been found.

A Noble. Even now they are within the city's walls —
 And may expect the punishment they merit!

Const. Their doom is fix'd! their hours are number'd
 — death

Awaits them on this very day at noon !
 The rack, and every engine that destroys
 By slow degrees,— and last, consuming fire,
 Their sentence! — thus to perish piecemeal, while
 Before their tortured eyes the monarch feasts,
 And dulcet sounds of music fill the air:
 A melancholy contrast to their fate!

Archb. A fearful end indeed—though merited !
A warning to bad men ! Even we who see
Them die must shudder, though we cannot pity ;
Their crime is colour'd with so black a die—
So heinous in the sight of God and man!—

[*Shouts are heard without.*

But hark ! the rabble shout—the King arrives !

*Enter DON PEDRO as KING ; he advances with a slow
and measured step to the centre.*

King. We have in wisdom set apart this day,
In due conformity with ancient custom,
In this most holy edifice, your oaths
Of fealty and allegiance to receive ! [*Pausing.*]
Her cruel fate, in whom our brightest hopes
And every earthly expectation center'd—
Is known to you, as to our meanest subject !
So rich in all she was—so rarely gifted —
That Nature seem'd in moulding one so perfect,
To have predestined her to fill a throne ;—
To be at once the guardian and the pattern
Of excellence—for she was Virtue's self !
As through an alabaster vase the flame
Glowes with a purer, more unearthly light ;

So through the fair exterior I beheld
 The heavenborn splendour of the soul within!
 Though precious be the casket, yet the gem
 It holds, doth fix its worth: her mind it was
 That won my admiration and my love!
 The Church united us beyond the power
 Of Man to sever — Death could only so! —
 As he that rich apparel'd walks abroad —
 His garb brings danger to the wearer — thus,
 'Gainst excellence, alas, my noble friends!
 (So evil is the world in which we live!)
 The dart of malice is most frequent aim'd! —
 Too widely rumour hath already gone —
 Too widely spread for us to hide the part
 Our father took in *that most tragic act!*

[*The KING is deeply affected.*

Oh! pity that so many glorious years
 Of a long reign — at last — in life's decline —
 By one pernicious, fatal act are darken'd!
 But he is summon'd hence, and must appear
 Before a HIGHER JUDGE than Man's opinion, —
 And may his God be merciful to him!
 Not so the base advisers and the tools
 Who instigated and perform'd the deed —

Compared with whom the tiger's soft and tame!

[*Exultingly*

The hour of retribution now is come!

The brand will soon be lighted that consumes them:

Revenge be *mine—theirs*, ignominious death!

The slaves!— Oh! had they been ignobly born,

I would have swept them off, as one destroys

A snake—knowing its nature is to sting!

But when Nobility doth stoop so low,

The crime demands more signal punishment!

[*A pause ensues; the KING approaches
the throne.*

Lord Constable! administer the oath.

[*The oath having been taken with due ceremony, the KING ascends the steps of the throne and undraws the curtain. The crowned skeleton of INEZ DE CASTRO is seated on the throne, but so covered with white drapery, as only just to indicate that such is beneath it.*

Be *this* your first act of allegiance! though

Remorseless Death has wasted every charm,

And made her what we shudder to behold—

Oh! bear in mind, she should have been your queen,

If not unjustly robb'd of life and crown!
 Therefore, to injured Virtue bend the knee —
 The sceptred corse be honour'd as though living!

[*The KING and Nobles bend on one knee, and the Halberdiers reverse their halberds; solemn music is heard and a requiem is chanted for the soul of the dead. At its close the curtain is again drawn before the skeleton, and the King and Nobles rise.*

It but remains to re-inter the body,
 And henceforth let it sleep in undisturb'd
 Repose—of flesh the longest and the last!

[*As the KING descends from the throne, and after he has spoken the following, festive music strikes up.*

Now to the palace, friends! One duty still
 Is unperform'd—for me the sweetest—*Vengeance!*)*

[*Exeunt.*

*) The author feels that he is bound to add a few words at parting, in self-defence. He acknowledges himself highly culpable, in having reduced Tragedy to *three* instead of *five* Acts; the latter, he believes, being its prescribed number by Literary Law. Having pleaded guilty, in justification he urges: that portions of „*Inez de Castro*“ had so long been tossed about both in his portmanteau and brains, that he was heartily rejoiced of an opportunity of getting rid of them,— and, if it be taken into

consideration, that these scattered fragments were connected, printed, and the last Act written in the short space of one calendar month, he trusts his readers will show some little lenity towards the manifold defects of his Tragedy. Had he extended it to five Acts, a counterplot must have been framed, and the author being really a straight-forward fellow, and not at all addicted to intrigue, at once decided against this. Another point requires explanation; namely, the immense liberty which has been taken with a king's son, in throwing him into prison,—and that the work of his own father. Should the reader object to this, he is requested to refer to History and he will find in those dark ages not a few similar instances of equally unceremonious proceedings in reigning potentates. The honest truth is, facts, with a little imagination and exaggeration annexed, have been woven into verse. The Manuscript would long since have shared the fate of witches and other monstrosities, had it not been rescued from the flames by a worthy friend, who it seems, entertained a better opinion of it than its writer. It will probably be many years (if ever!) before either publisher or reader will be troubled with a like production; the author having wisely resolved to be satisfied in future with drinking of the Heliconic waters, instead of presumptuously attempting to increase them.

To Time *).

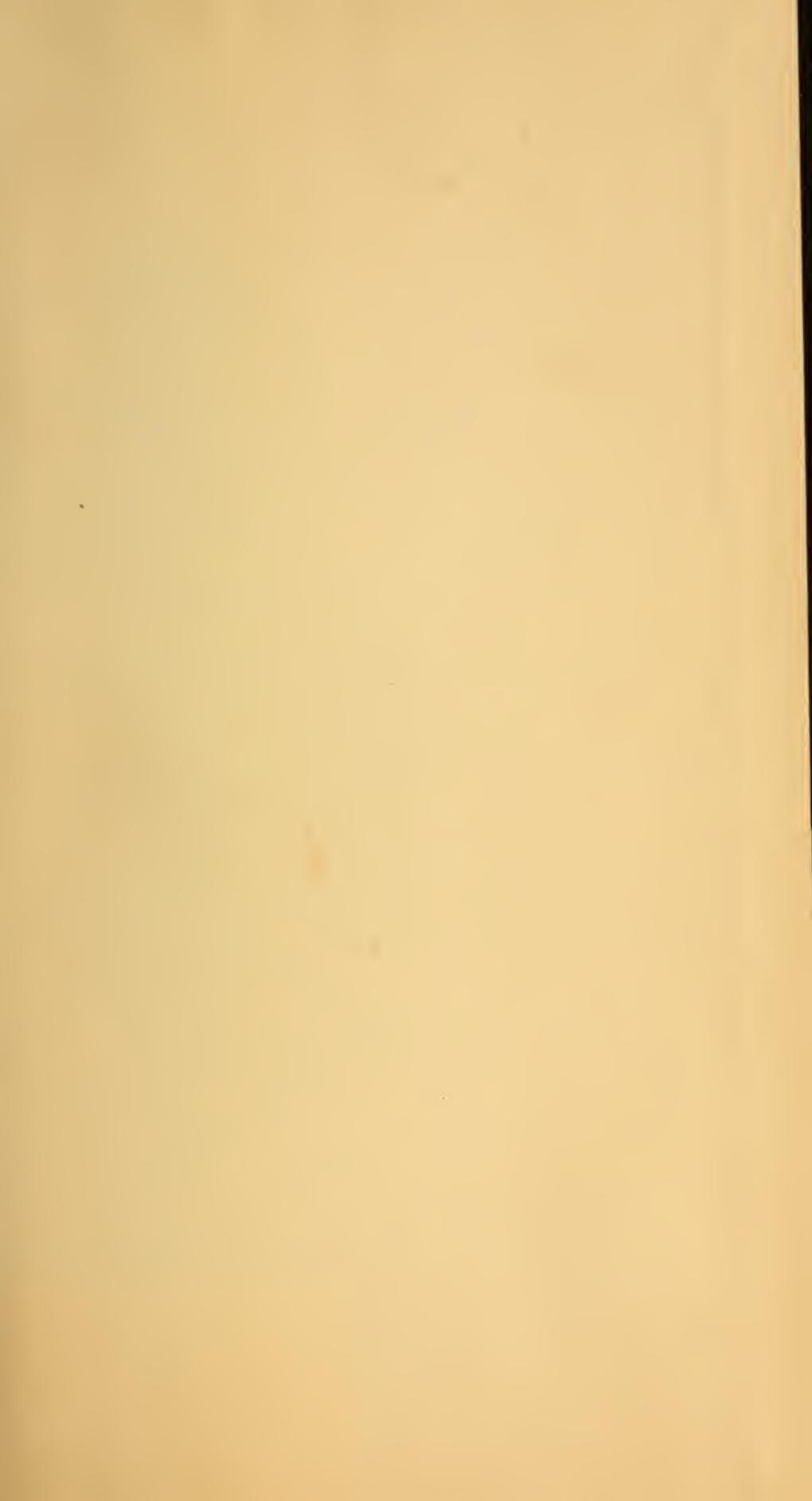
Time!—when in pleasure's path thou dost proceed,
The flow'ry way gives swiftness to thy pace,
And happy beings pray thee to retrace
A track so blest; or to relax thy speed.
But when thy steps through paths of mis'ry lead,
The rugged thorns thy crippled feet restrain,
And the sad victims of despair and pain,
To urge thee on but vainly intercede.
I fain, old Time, would travel by thy side,
With equal step; nor overcharged with care,
Nor cloy'd with pleasure; but I would divide
Our social journey between foul and fair—
Lest joy unmingle drown my soul in pride,
Or woe untemper'd drive it to despair.

*) In the whole range of Poetry, but few compositions will be found so perfect as this Sonnet „on Time“; so exquisite in feeling and rich in language, with an unaffected simplicity of style that is quite delightful. The Writer is now no more! His loss will be long and painfully felt by all those who knew him.

His friends have been deprived of a warm-hearted friend — society of a most useful member,—and the world of an excellent man! Truly may we say of him: „He did not live in vain!“ It is greatly to be regretted that excessive modesty throughout life prevented many more equally beautiful effusions of the same masterly spirit from being known. The advanced state of this volume in the press, before the idea of printing the Sonnet occurred, must excuse its appearing so unworthily at the *end*.

THE END.

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